

FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
4

APRIL No.133

The
DOLL MAN
meets
**DARREL
DANE'S
DOUBLE!**

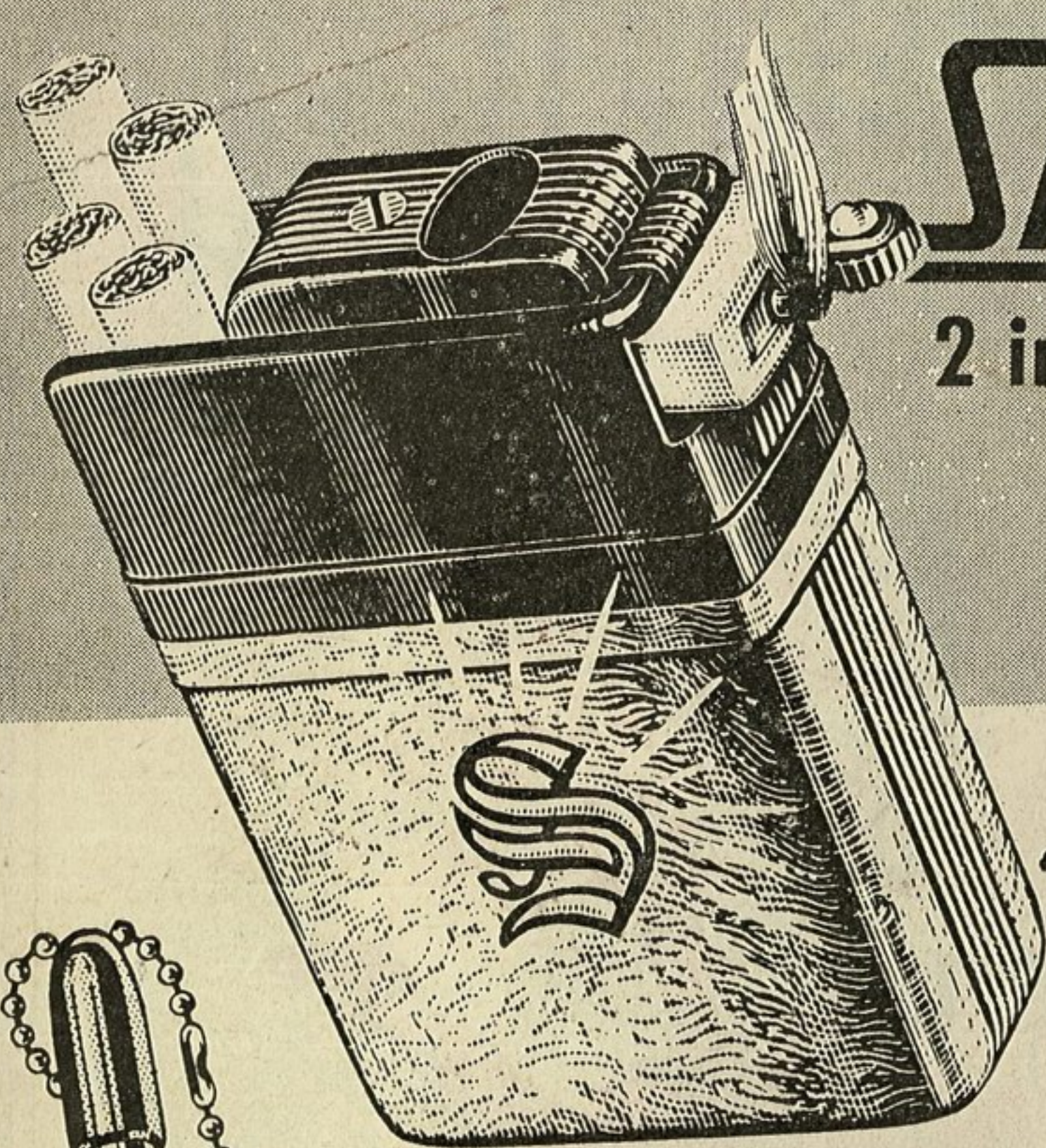
10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

It's Here! It's New! It's Available Now!



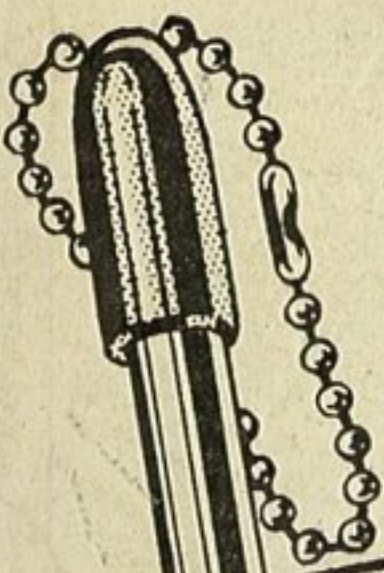
THE **Slide-o-matic**

**2 in 1 COMBINATION LIGHTER
and CIGARETTE CASE**



Works like magic. A flip of the finger gives you both the cigarette and lighter. This amazing two-in-one combination cigarette case and metal lighter is made of durable two-tone plastic and metal. Holds full pack of cigarettes and keeps them fresh. Extra large fluid capacity lighter guaranteed to work every time.

And—at no extra cost—your cigarette case will be monogrammed with your own initial, in ornamental lettering that GLOWS IN THE DARK.

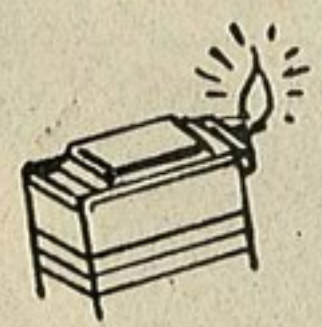


**If you order today
this pen is yours!
WORLD'S SMALLEST
BALL POINT PEN**

Small enough to fit coin purse or vest pocket...big enough to write for months without a refill. Handy chain for keys.

**TRY FOR 10 DAYS
AT NO COST TO YOU**

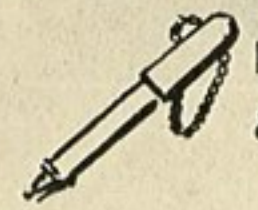
Simply send your name and address and initial wanted. Pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. Or send \$1.98 with order, and lighter case with glowing monogram and pen will be shipped prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. The smartest, most useful, most ingenious new invention for cigarette smokers...a beautiful, colorful, two-tone combination lighter built on an entirely new principle. Just imagine...only one motion of the finger gives you both the cigarettes and the lighter. It is a startling improvement over anything else you have ever seen...a wonderful necessity for every cigarette smoker. **EXTRA SURPRISE:** you'll find that the cigarette case has been monogrammed with your own initial in an ornamental letter which glows in the dark.



**SURE-FIRE
CIGARETTE
LIGHTER**



**CIGARETTE CASE
WITH GLOW-IN-
THE-DARK INITIAL**



**HANDY KEY CHAIN
& BALL POINT PEN**

**ALL 3
for only**

\$1.98

SEND NO MONEY

**E-Z INDUSTRIES, DEPT. NM
1226 N. Western Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.**

Please rush _____ lighter cigarette case combination
plus ball point pen on key chain, all for \$1.98.

My initial is _____ payment in full. Ship
☐ I enclose \$ _____
☐ postpaid.
☐ Ship COD—I will pay charges plus postage.

NAME _____ (PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

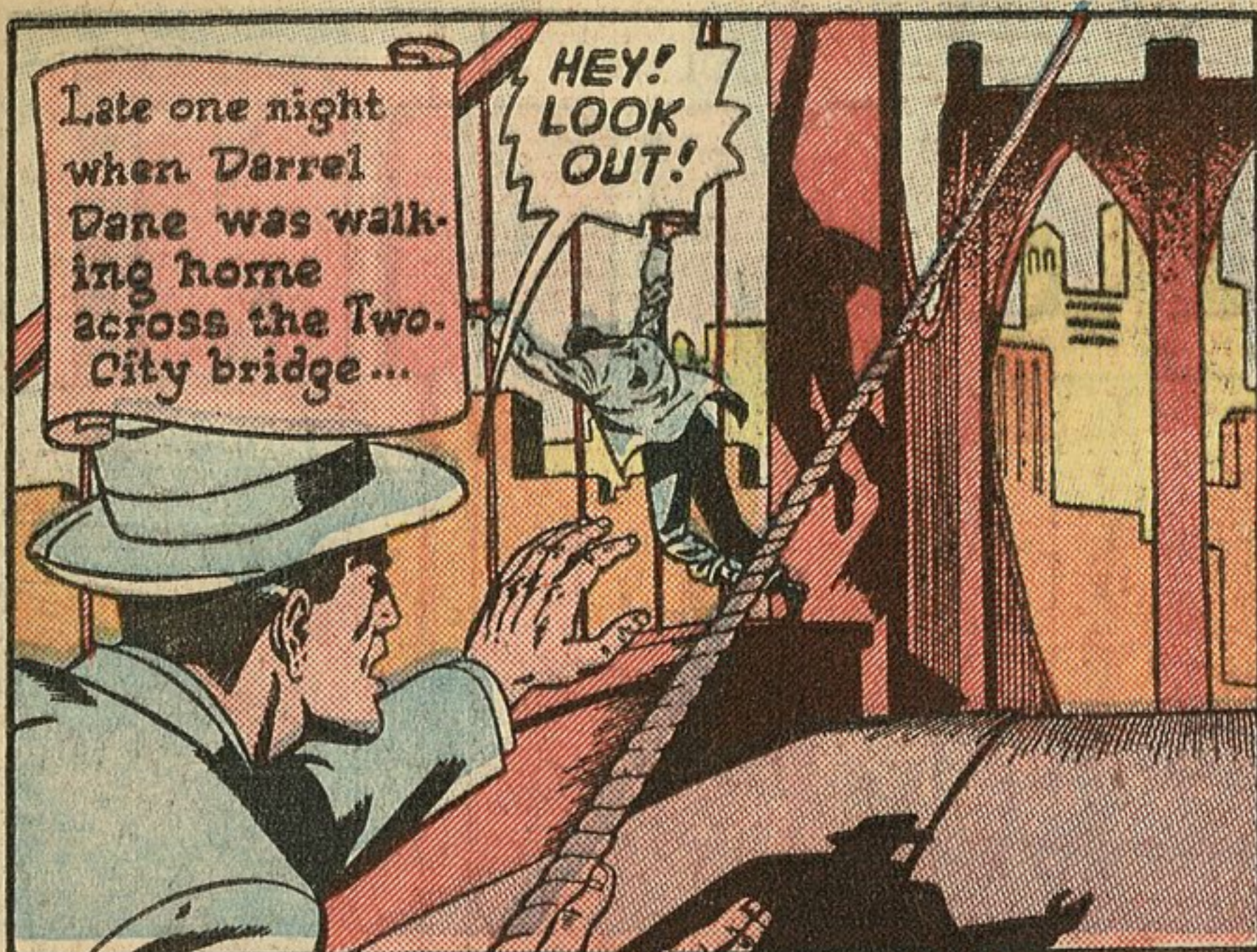
E-Z INDUSTRIES

1226 N. Western Ave.

Chicago 22, Ill.



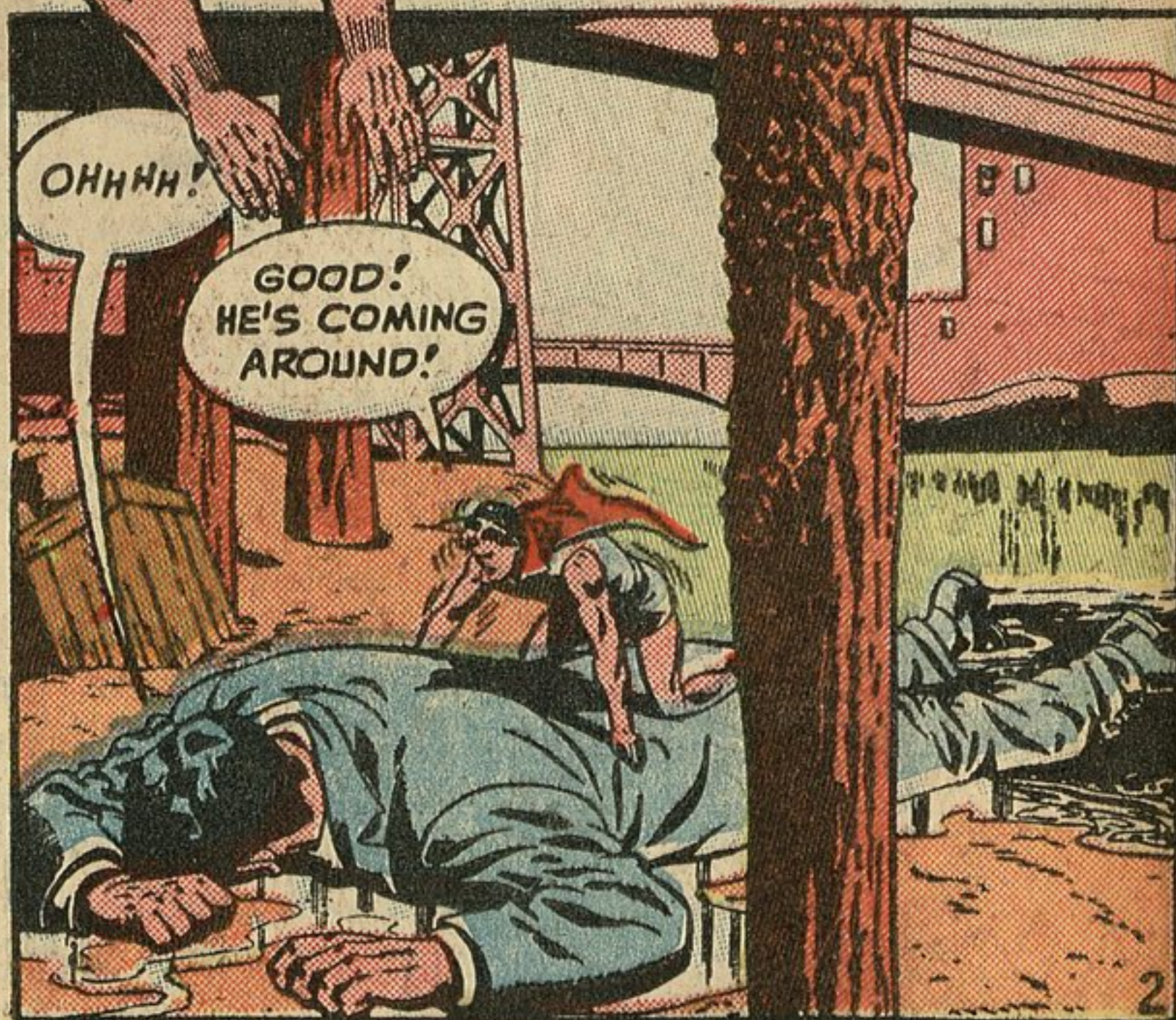
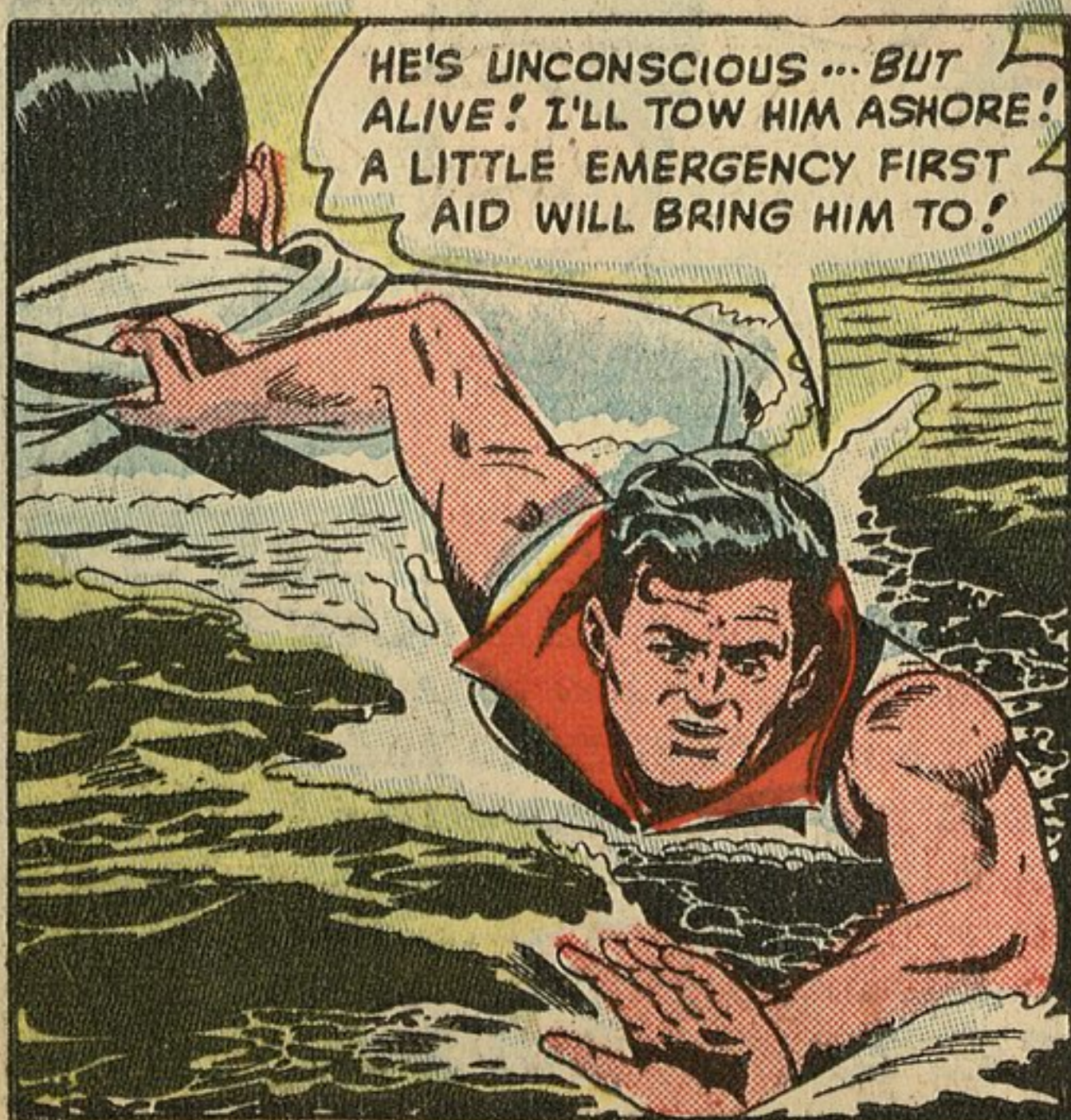
Take another look at the above picture ... a good, long look! Obviously, something is the matter! Darrel Dane and the **DOLL MAN** can't possibly be in the same scene together, for everyone knows that Darrel Dane and the **DOLL MAN** are one and the same person! But this isn't the artist's mistake, folks! It's just a sample of what can happen when the **DOLL MAN**, crime-busting's mightiest mite, meets **DARREL DANE'S DOUBLE!**



Instantly, Darrel Dane exercises his remarkable faculty to compress the molecules of his body, and becomes the dynamic DOLL MAN!



IF THE FALL DIDN'T KILL HIM, THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!



And then the DOLL MAN gets the shock of his life...

WHY... WHY, HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE DARREL DANE!

MY NAME IS... OLIVER FENTON! I CAN'T SAY THAT I'M GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE!



I WANTED TO DIE! I'VE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR ANY LONGER! WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?

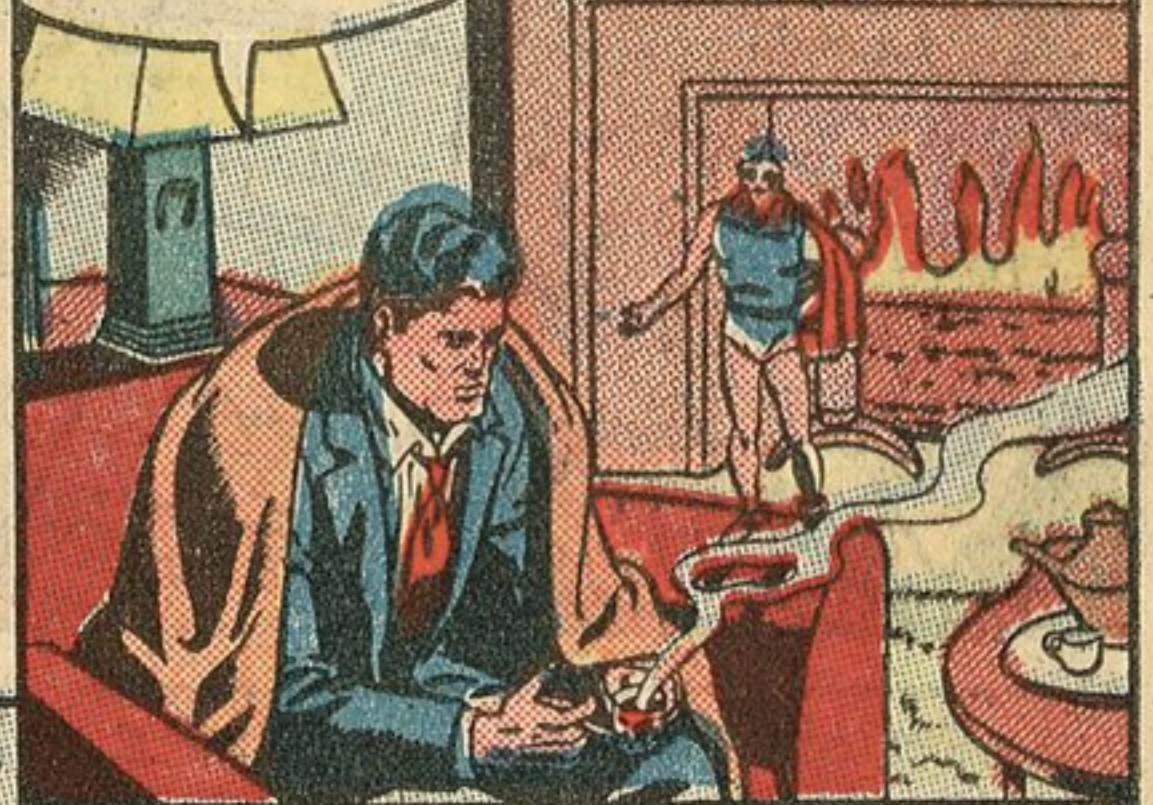
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME! TO A...ER... FRIEND'S HOUSE! I'D LIKE TO HEAR THE REST OF YOUR STORY!



In Darrel Dane's apartment...

...AND THEN THE ELEVATED HIGHWAY I BUILT COLLAPSED! SIXTY PEOPLE WERE INJURED...TWENTY KILLED! I...I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT SOMEHOW IT WAS MY FAULT!

NONSENSE! IT'S PLAIN FROM YOUR ACCOUNT THAT INFERIOR MATERIALS CAUSED THE DAMAGE!



BESIDES, THE CONTRACTOR WHO SUPPLIED THE MATERIALS WAS SENT TO PRISON! THAT PROVES HE'S THE GUILTY ONE... AND NOT YOU!

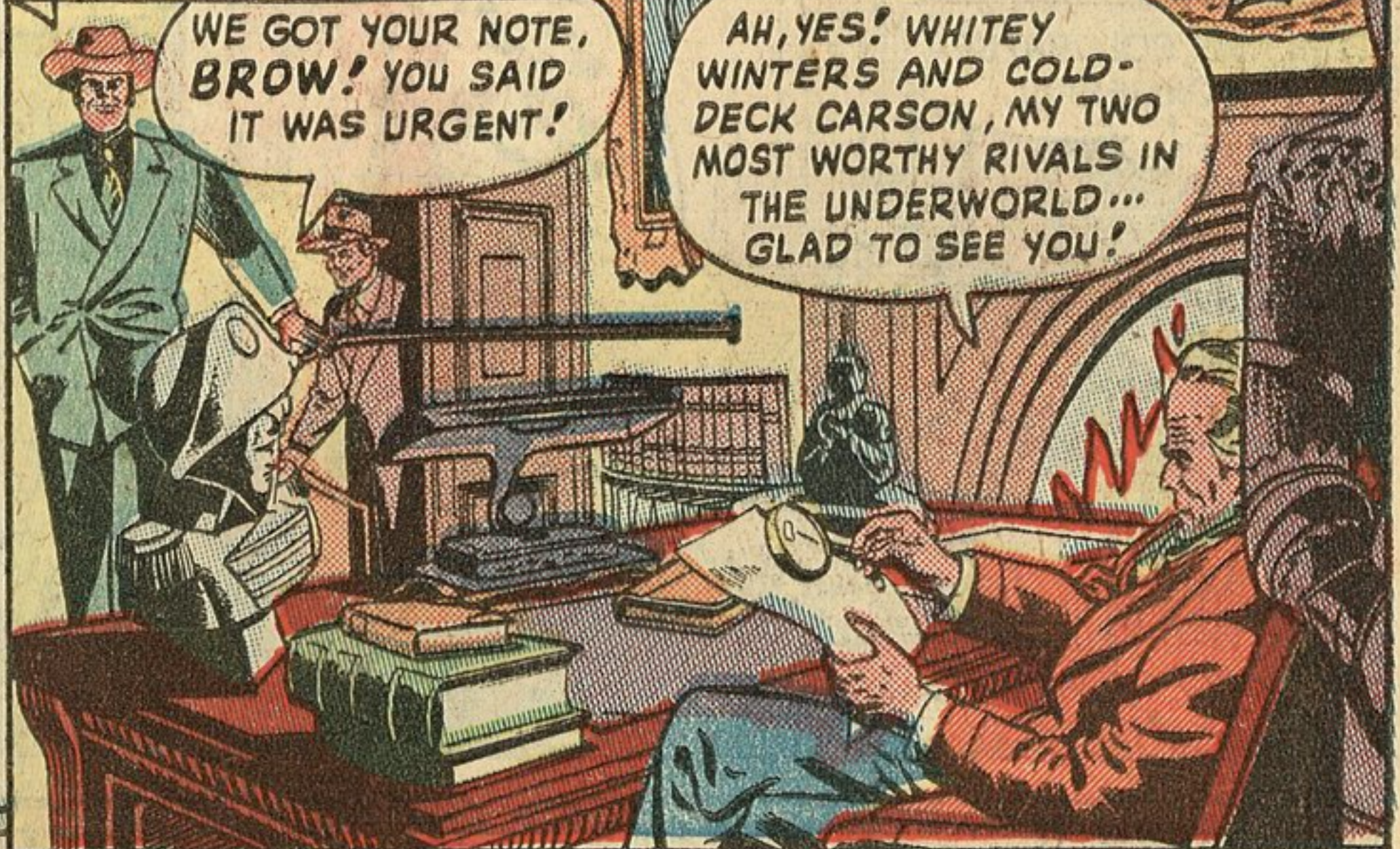
O-DO YOU REALLY THINK SO? I FEEL MUCH BETTER ALREADY!



But while the Doll Man solves another man's problems, there is trouble in the making for him...

WE GOT YOUR NOTE, BROW! YOU SAID IT WAS URGENT!

AH, YES! WHITEY WINTERS AND COLD-DECK CARSON, MY TWO MOST WORTHY RIVALS IN THE UNDERWORLD... GLAD TO SEE YOU!



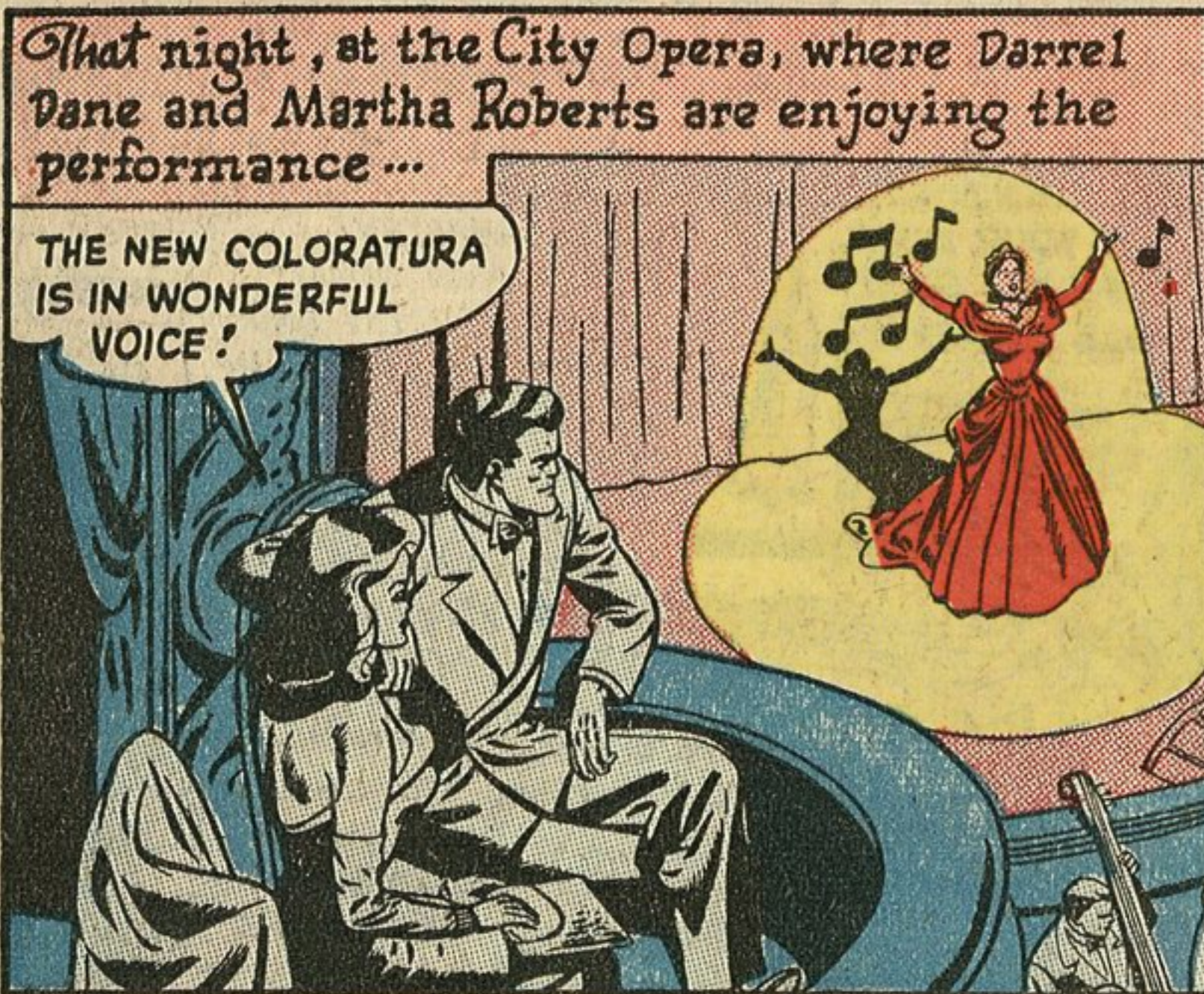
WE'RE BUSY, BROW! ORDINARILY WE WOULDN'T COME, BUT...

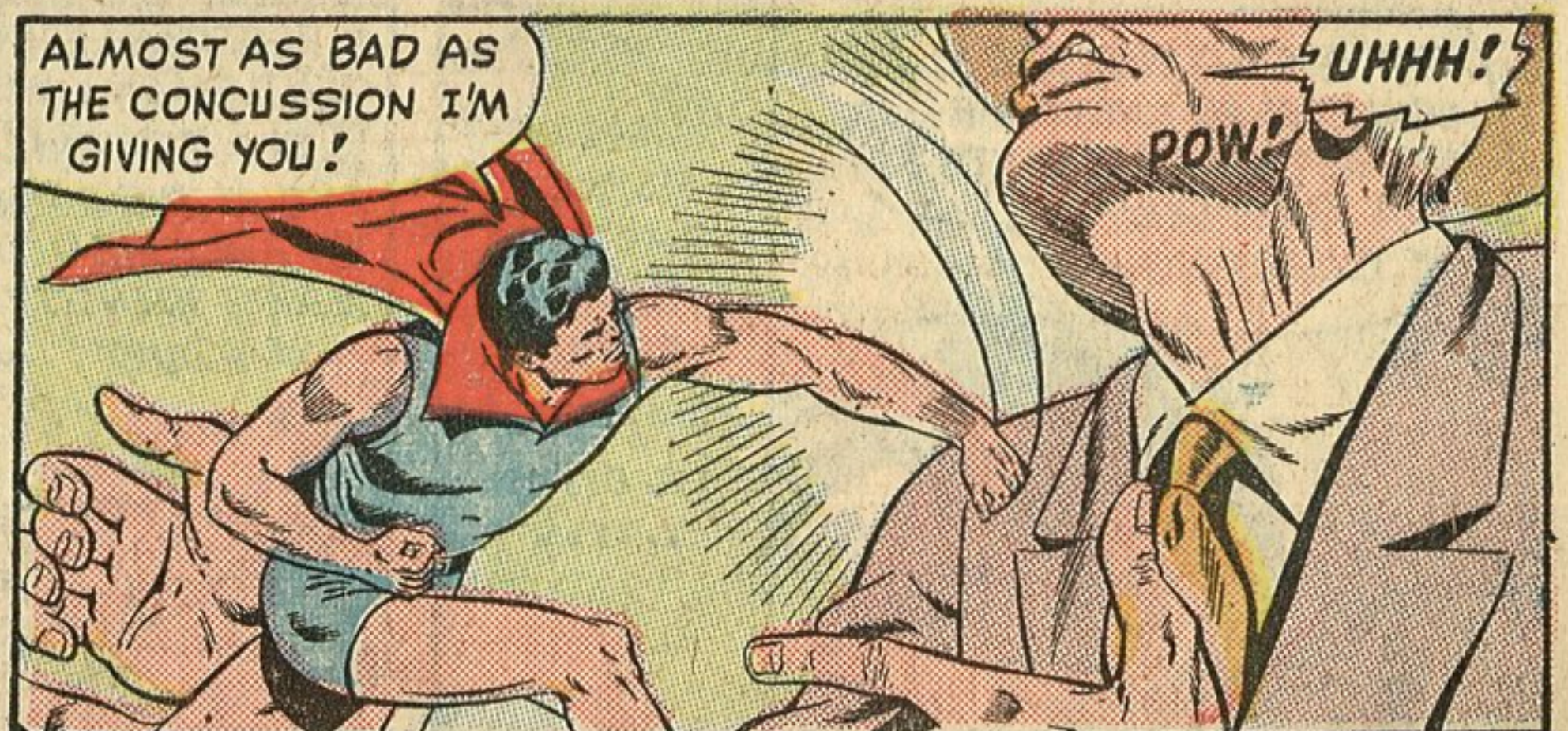
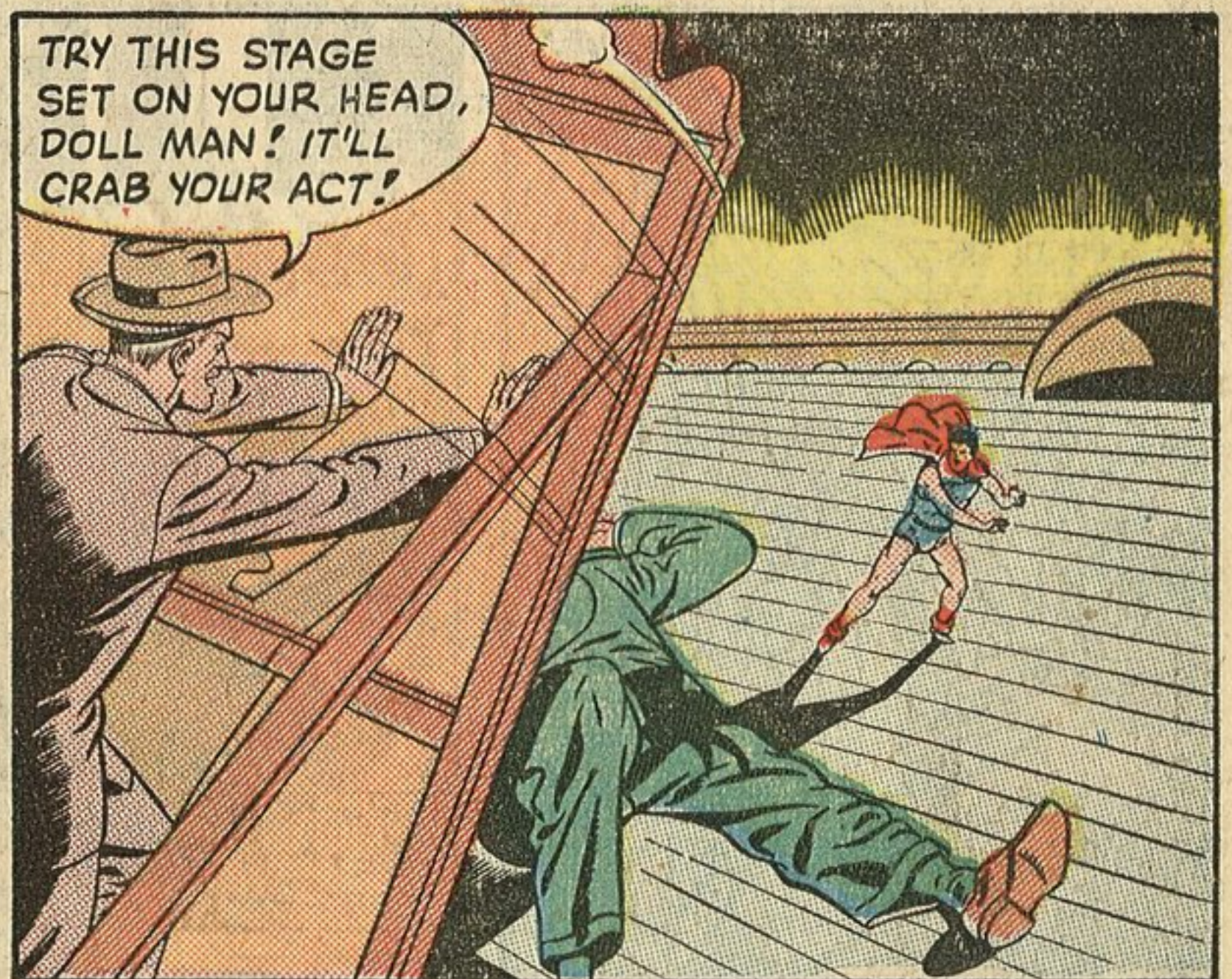
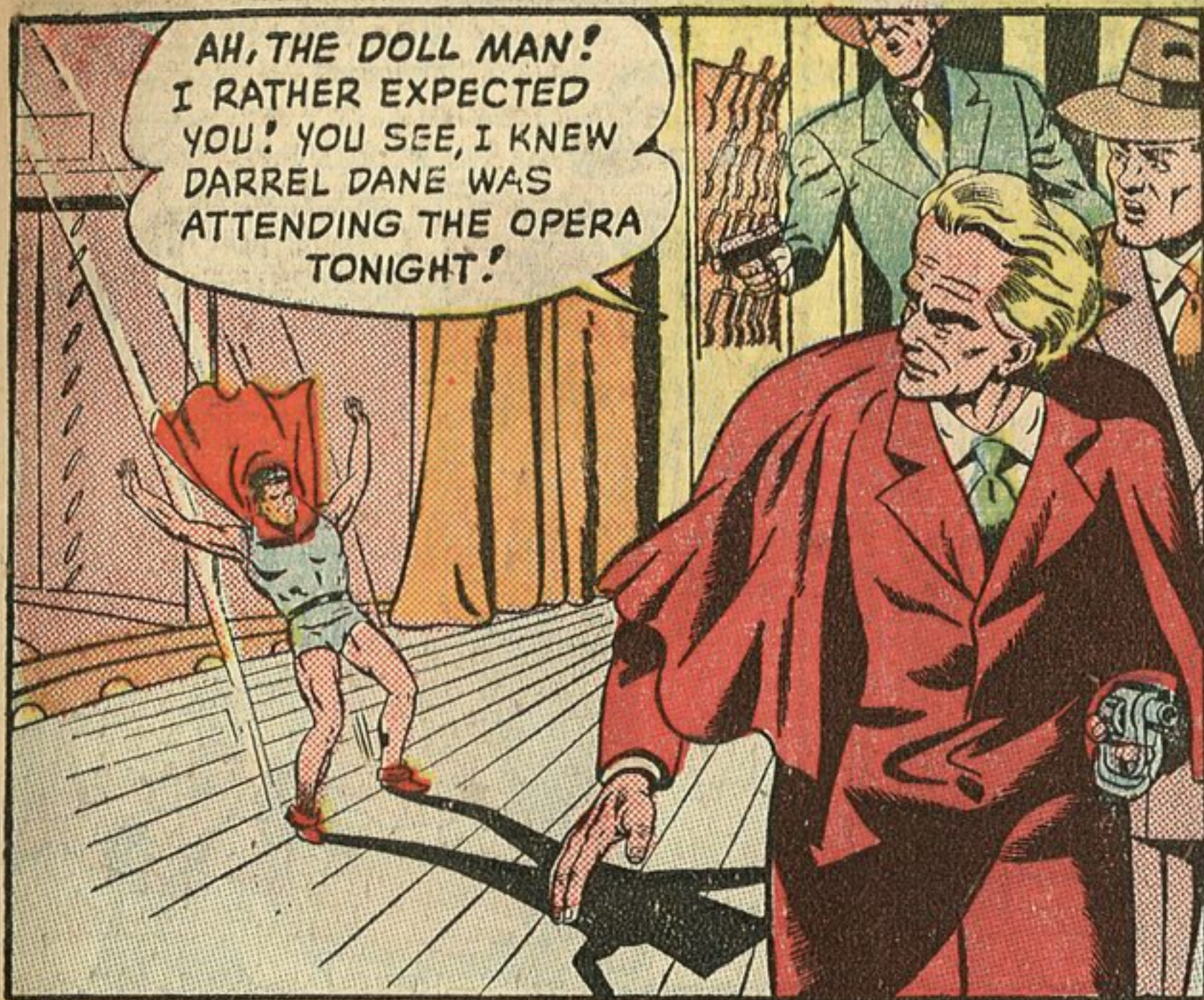
BUT YOU ARE FULLY AWARE THAT WHEN BROW SUMMONS ANYONE, HE MEANS BUSINESS, EH? THIS IS NO EXCEPTION, GENTLEMEN!

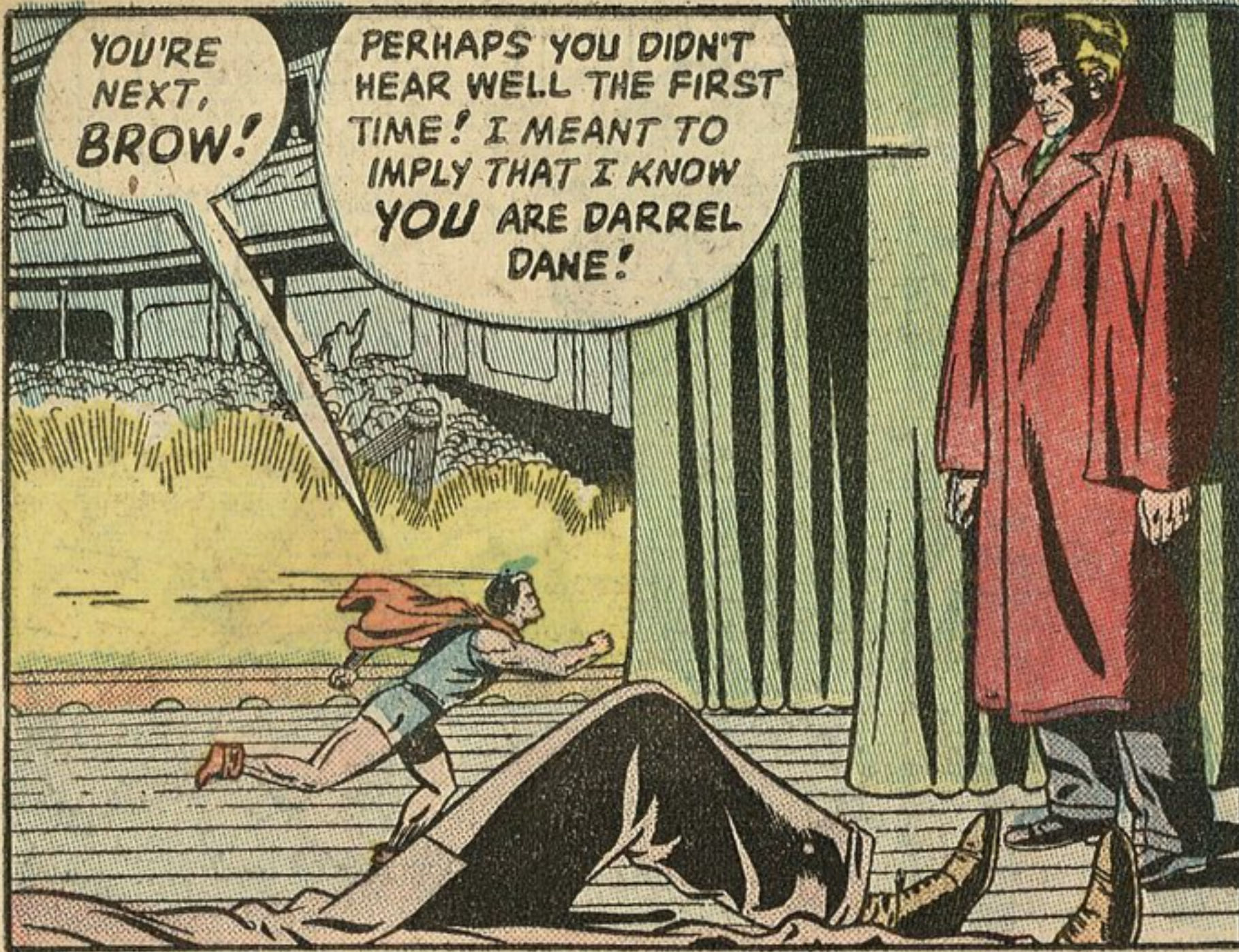


I'VE MADE AN EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY! MY EXHAUSTIVE STUDIES HAVE REVEALED SOMETHING THAT EVERY MEMBER OF THE UNDERWORLD WANTS TO KNOW... THE REAL IDENTITY OF THE DOLL MAN!



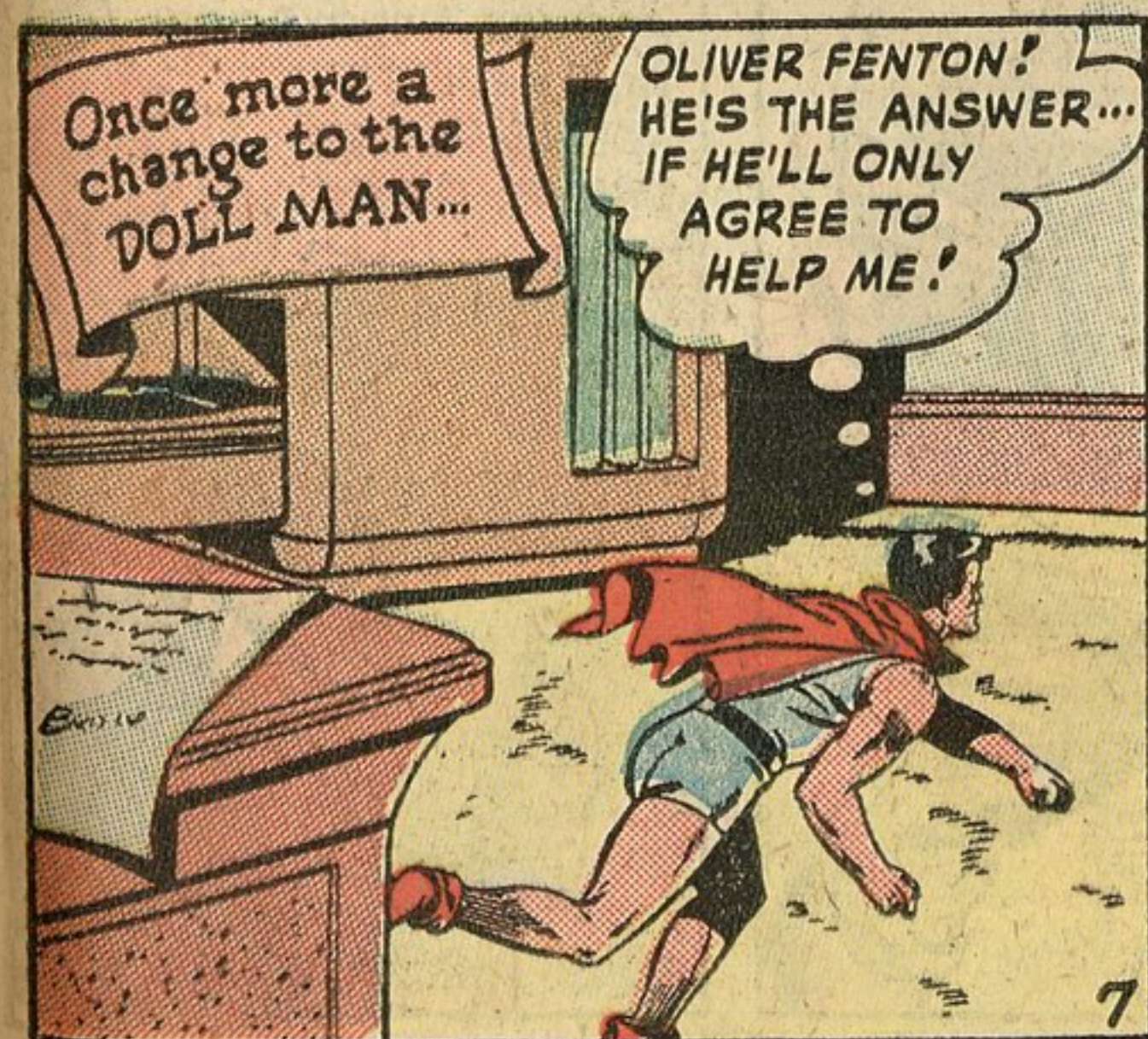
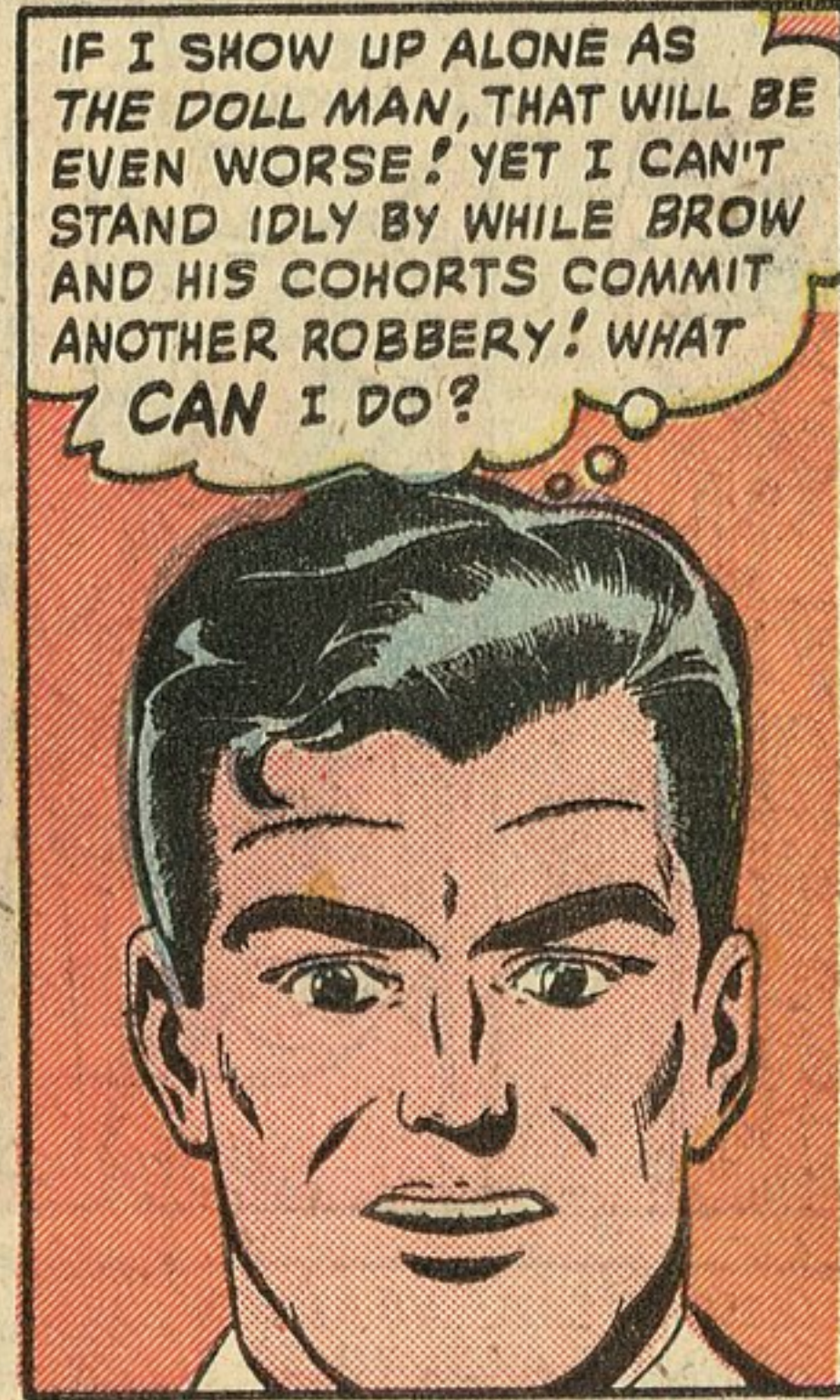
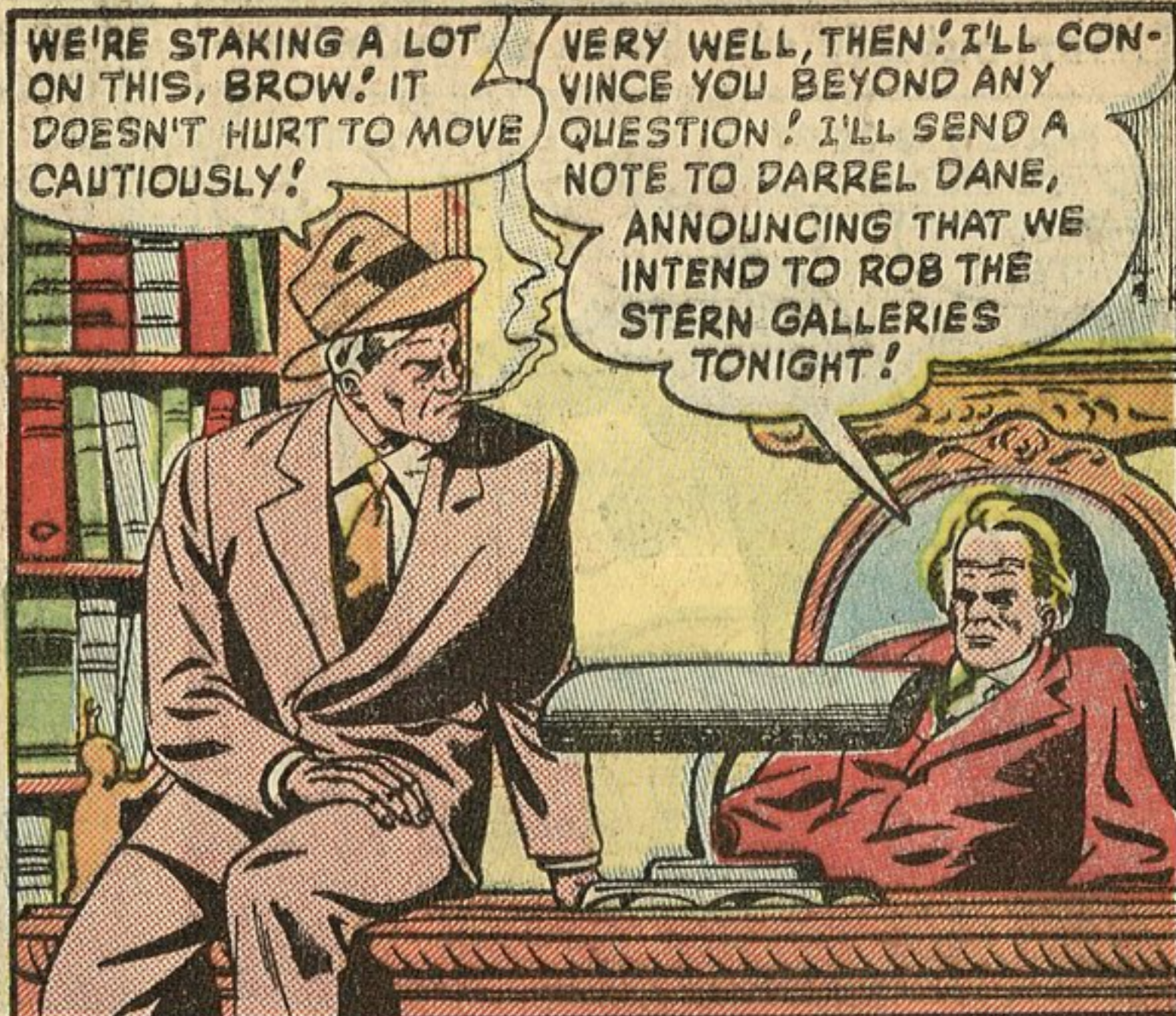


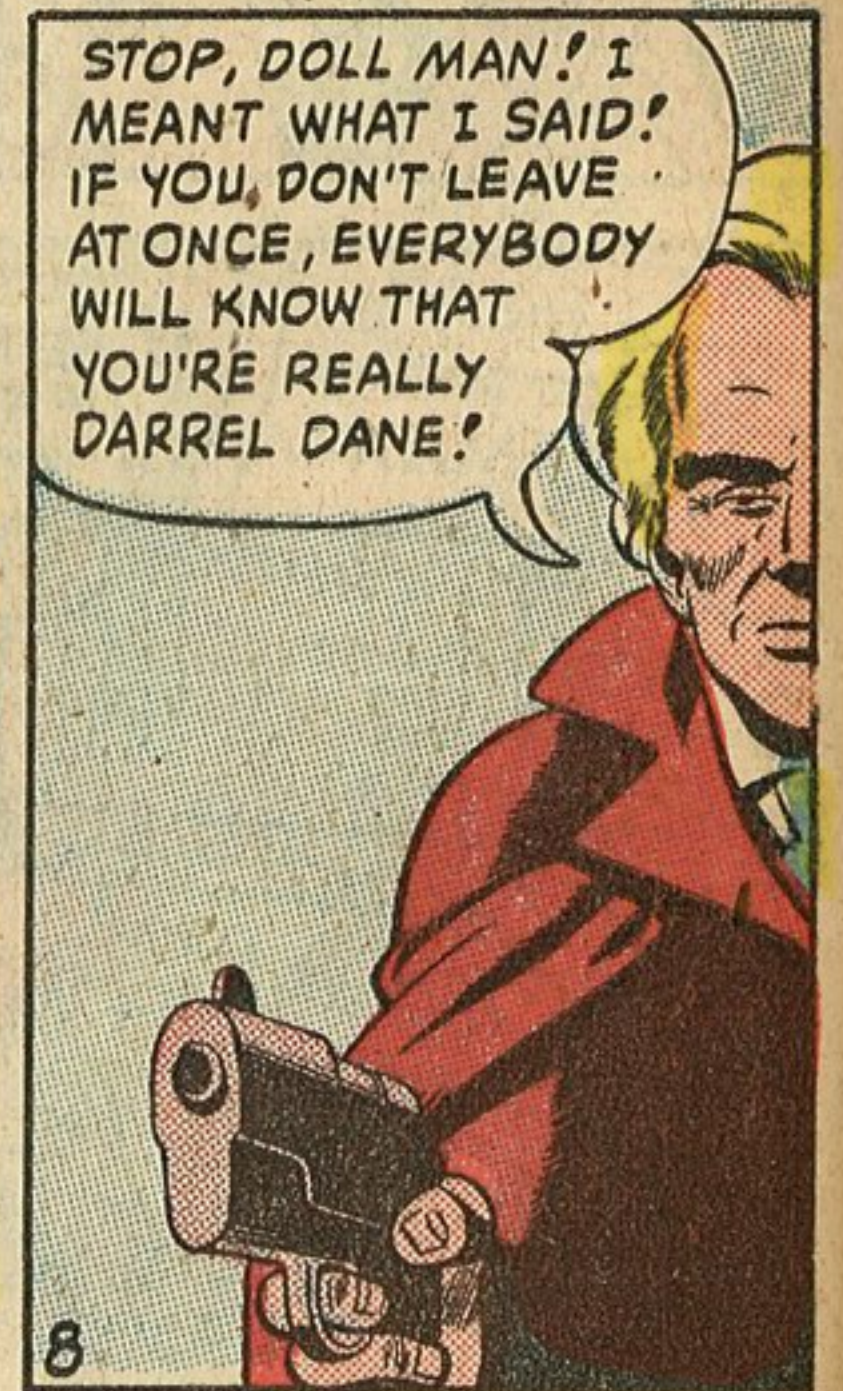
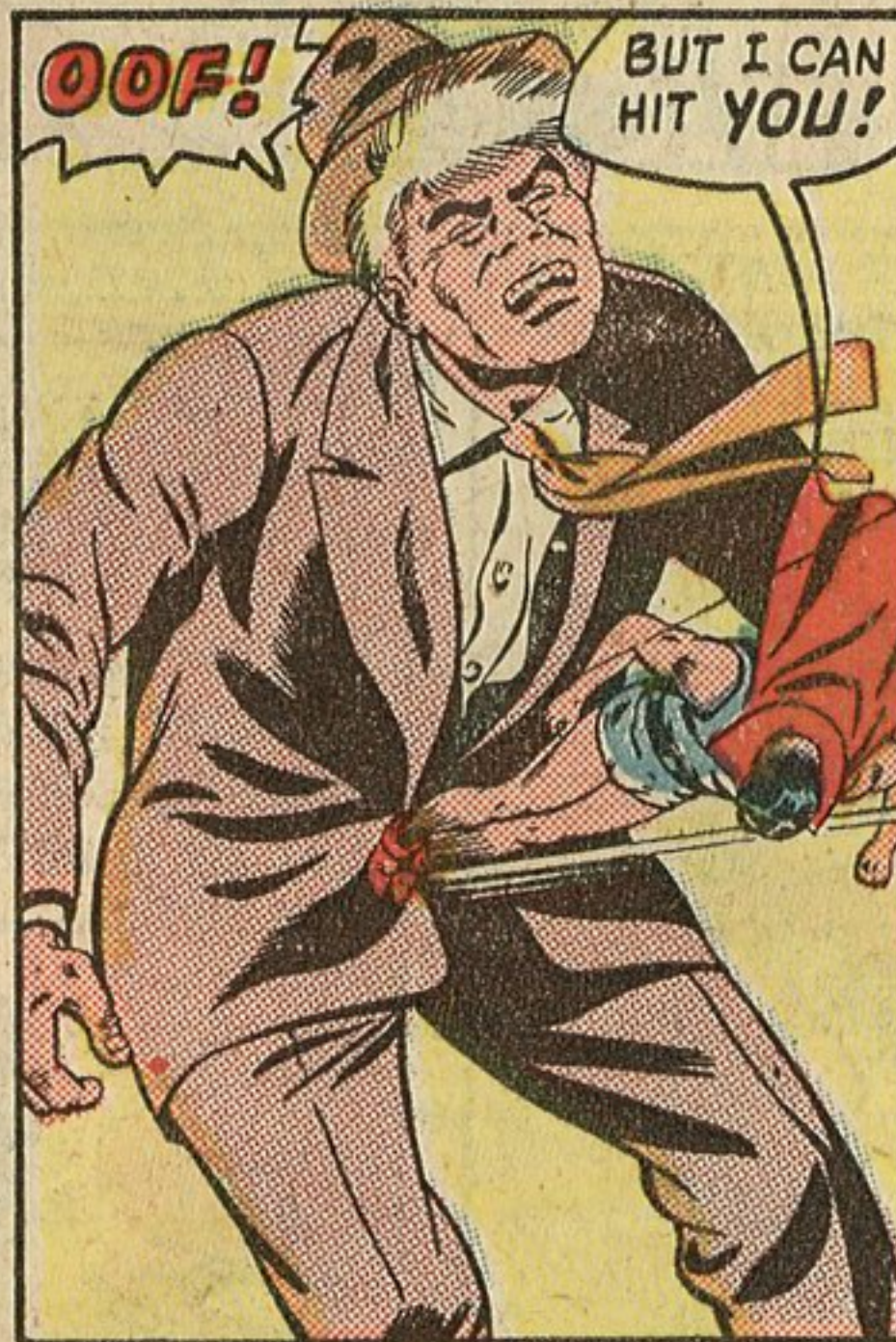
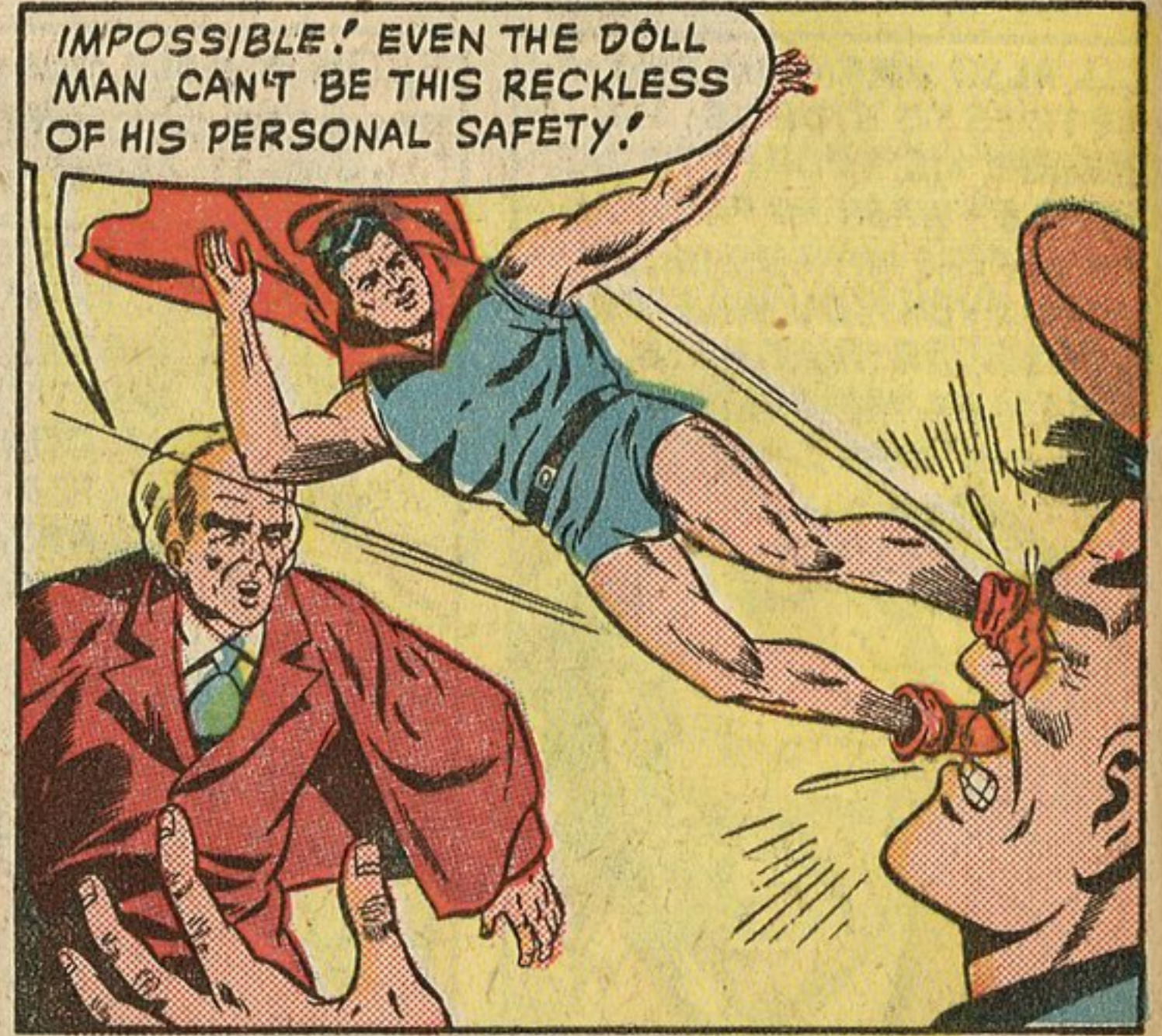
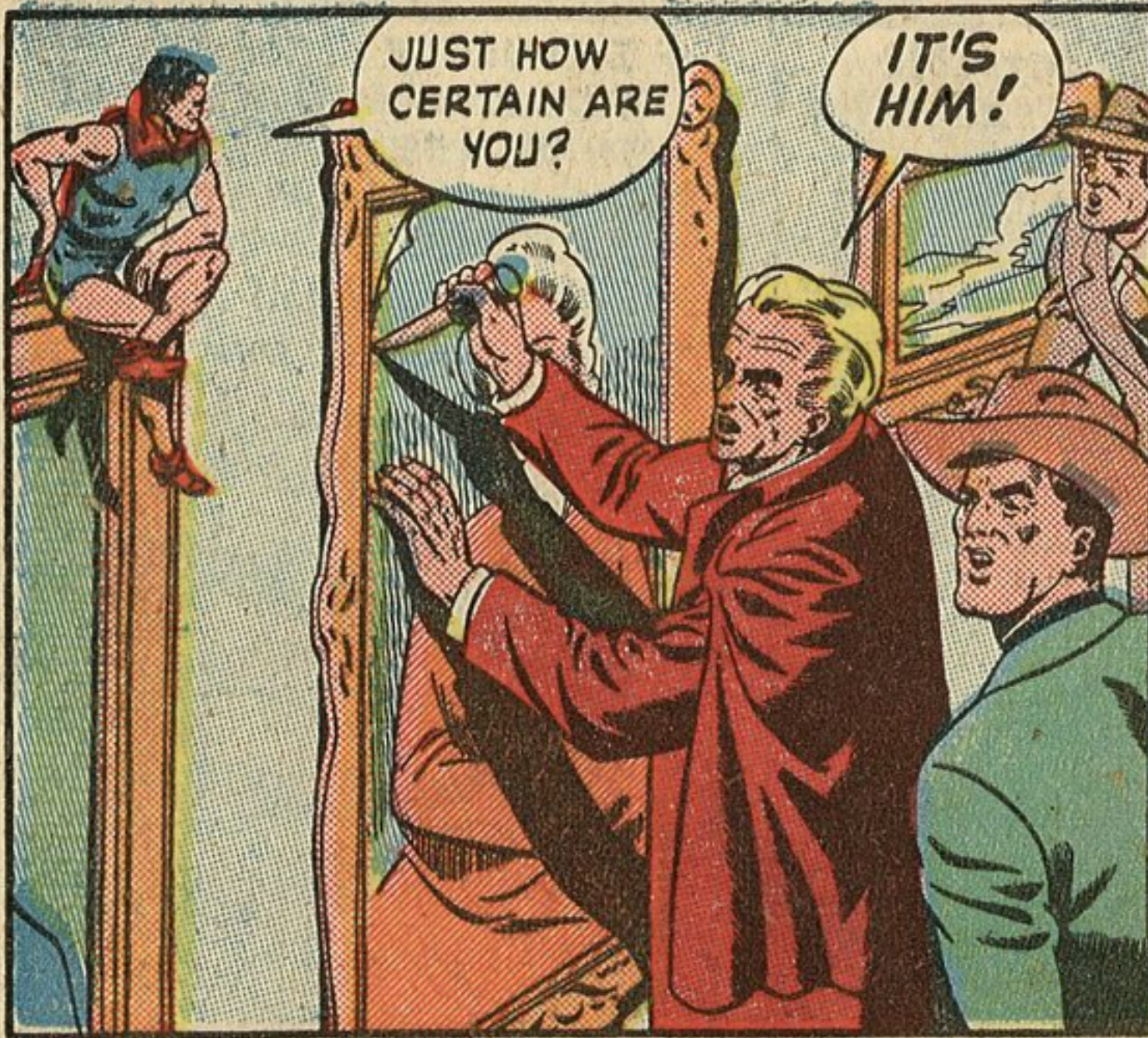
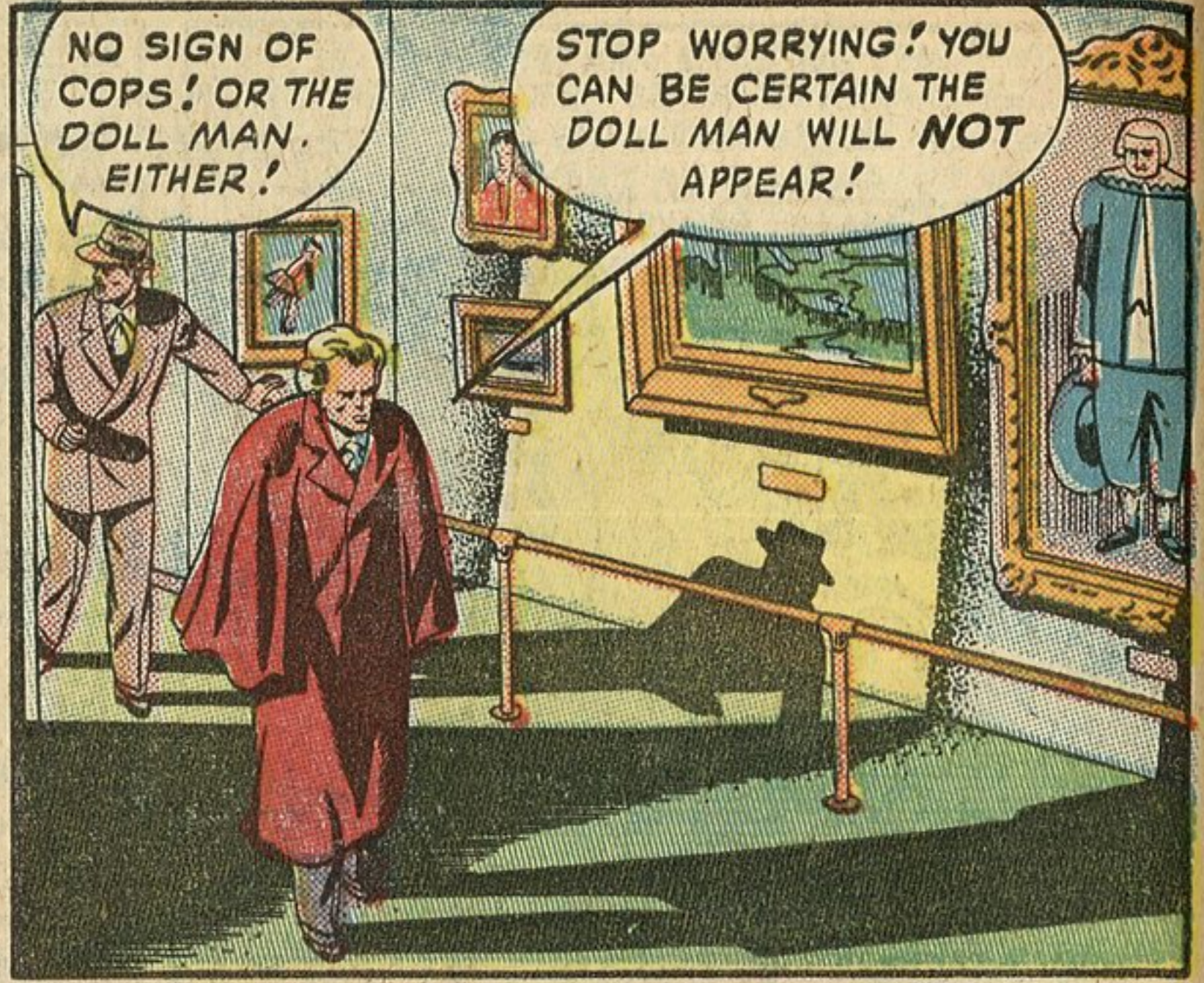




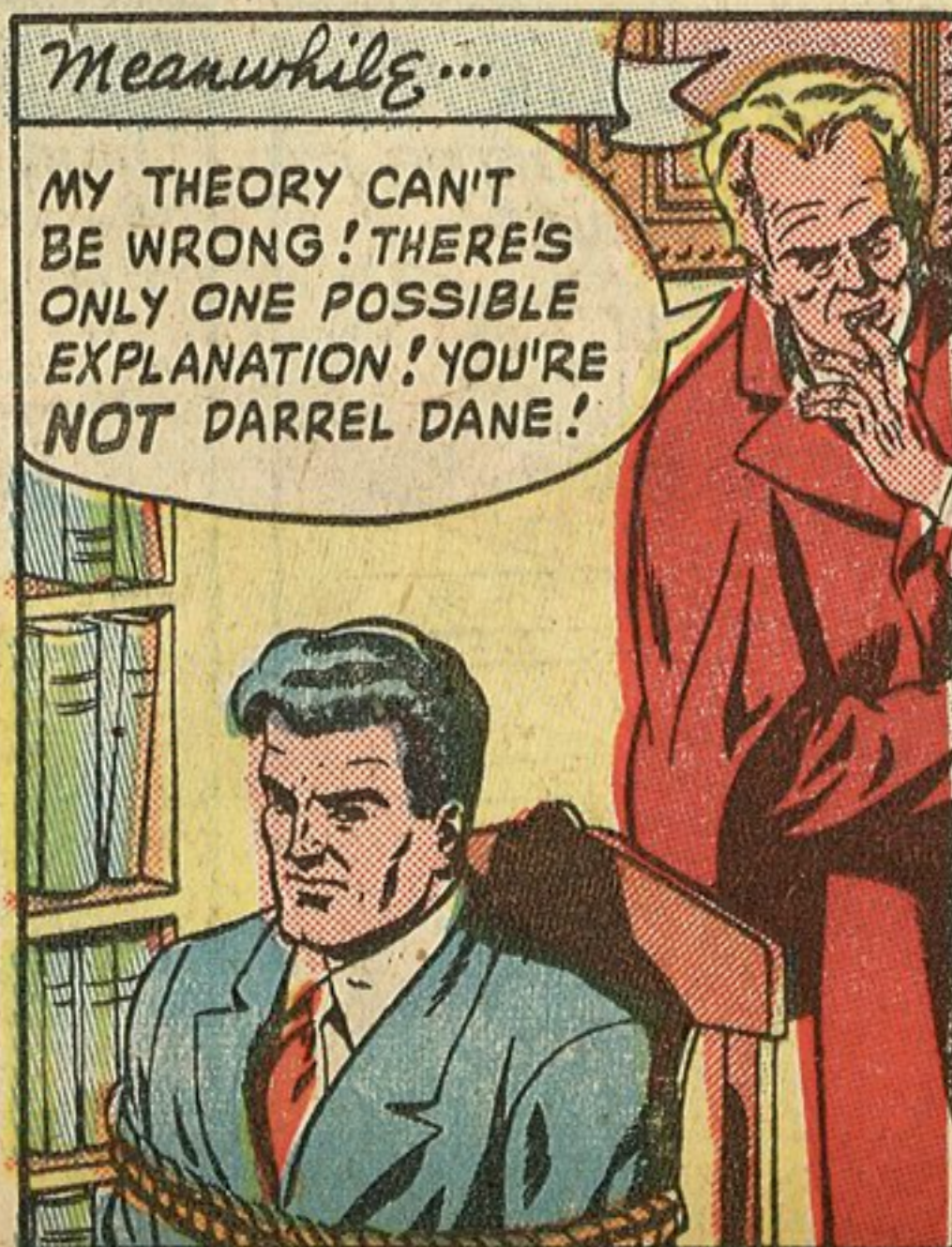
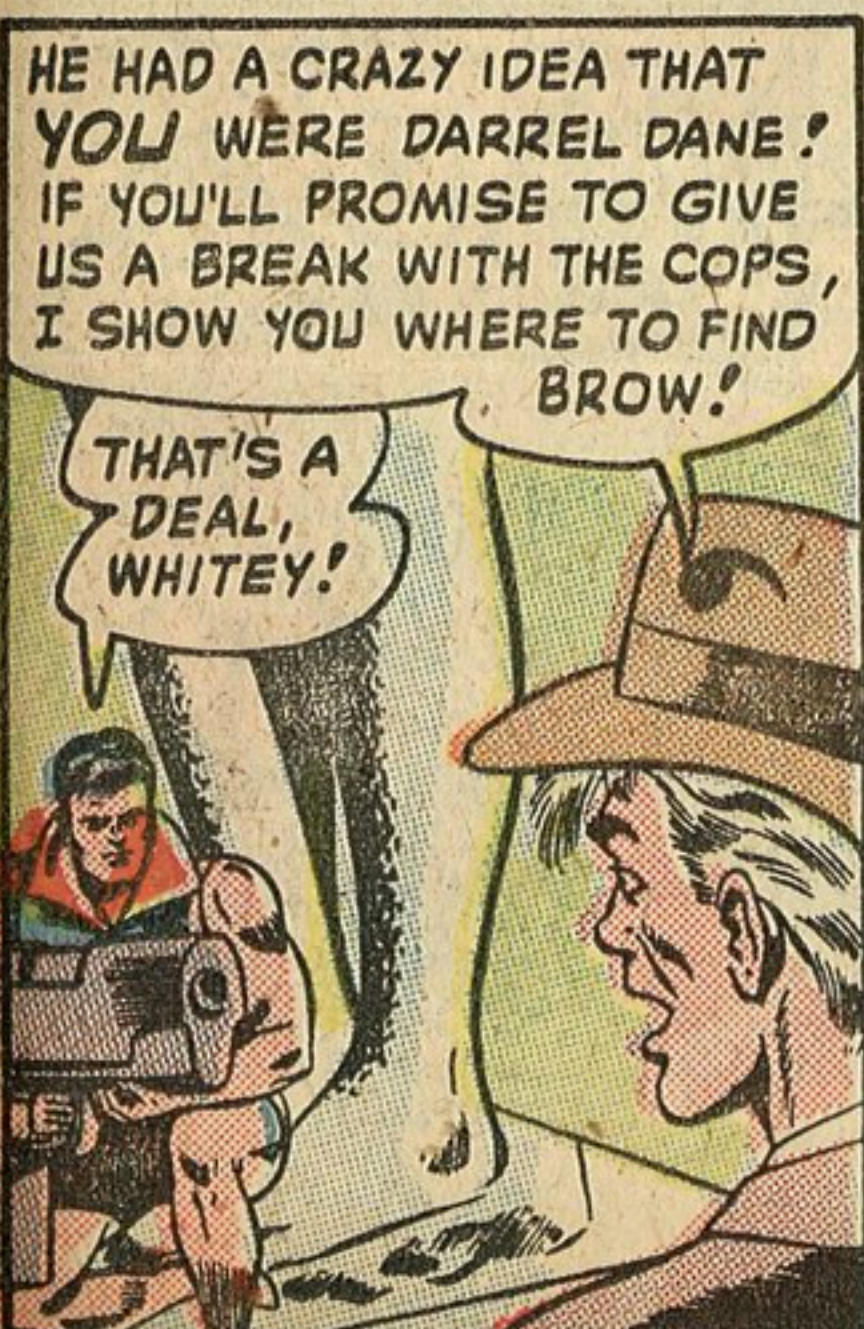
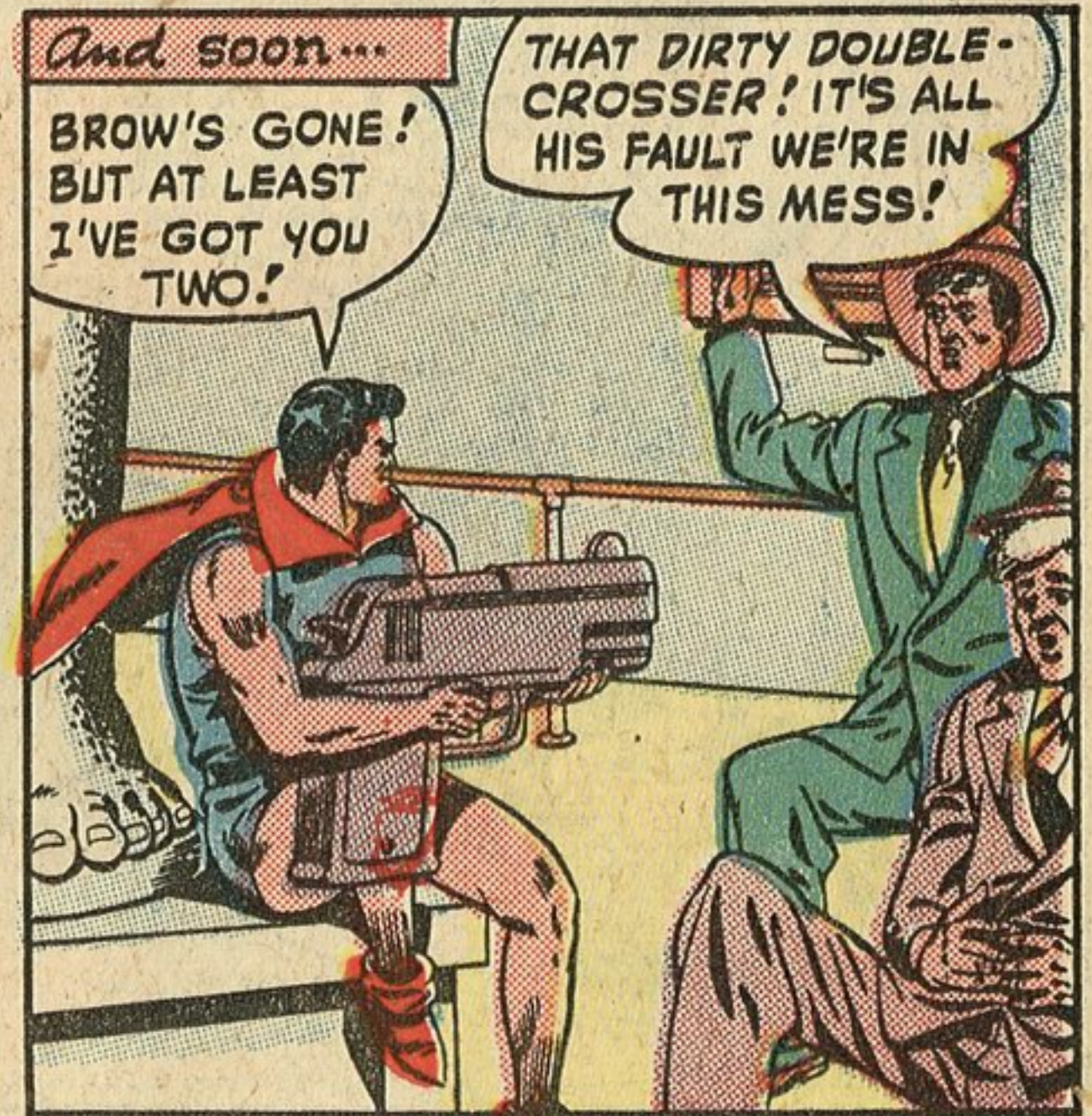
This same question disturbs BROW's compatriots in crime







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Quickly, Oliver Fenton relates the whole story...

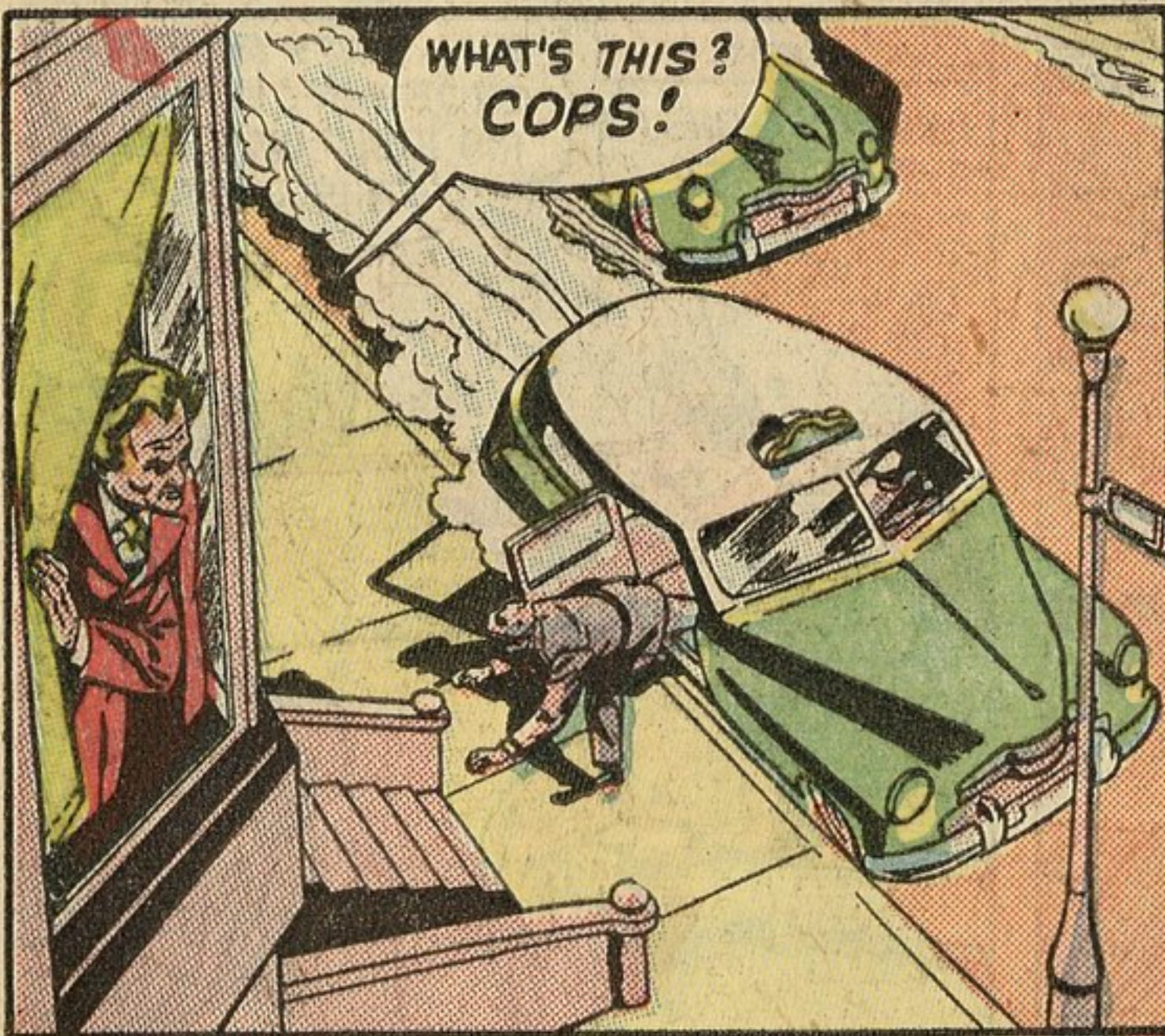


THIS PROVES I'M RIGHT! THE DOLL MAN IS DARREL DANE!

THE DOLL MAN'S INTERFERED WITH ME FOR THE LAST TIME! IN A FEW HOURS THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD WILL KNOW HIS SECRET AND DARREL DANE'S LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A NICKEL!



WEEEEE-EE!

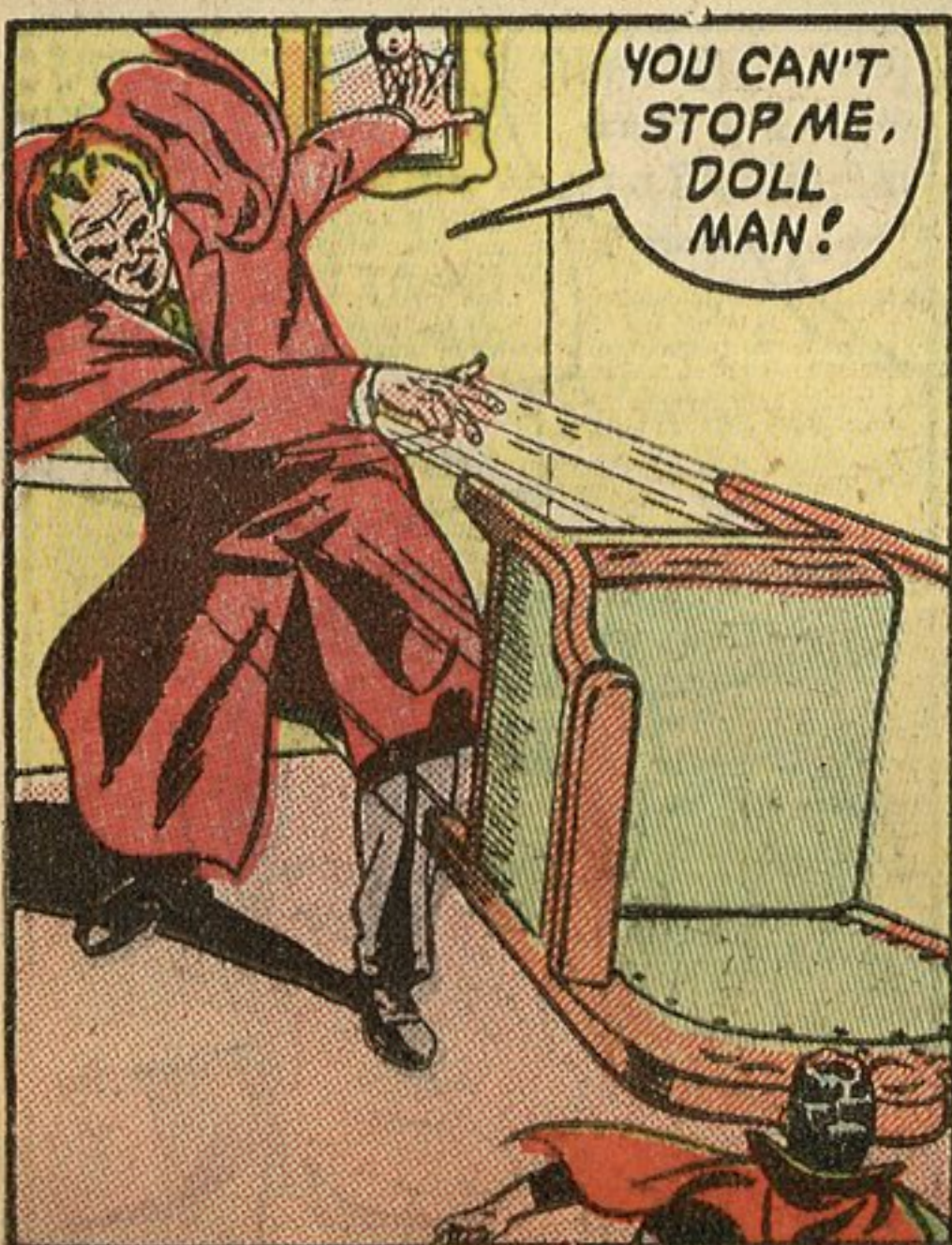


WHAT'S THIS? COPS!



WHITEY AND COLD-DECK MUST'VE SQUEALED! BUT I'LL GET OUT THE BACK WAY AND...ULP!

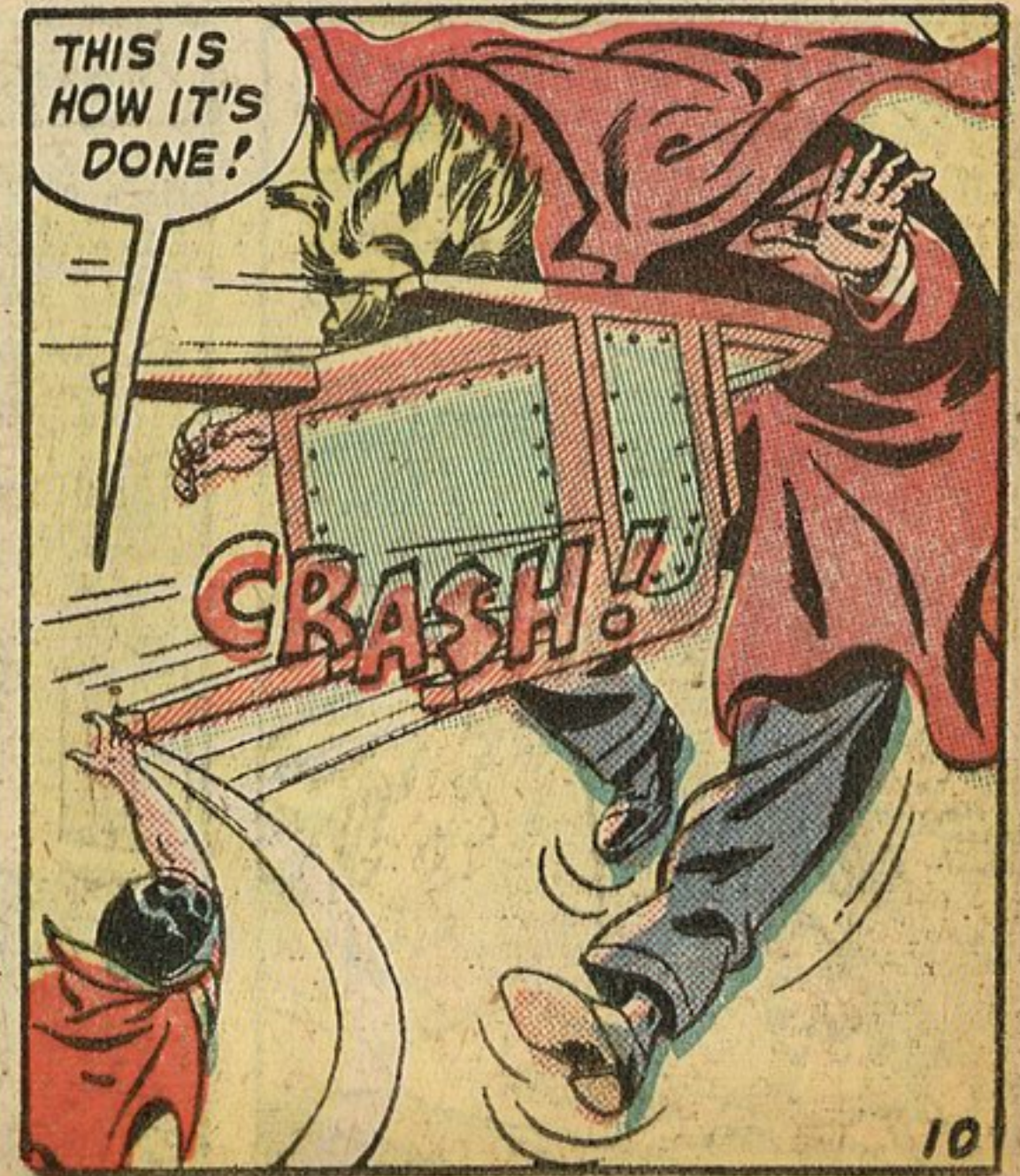
WE MEET AGAIN, BROW!



YOU CAN'T STOP ME, DOLL MAN!

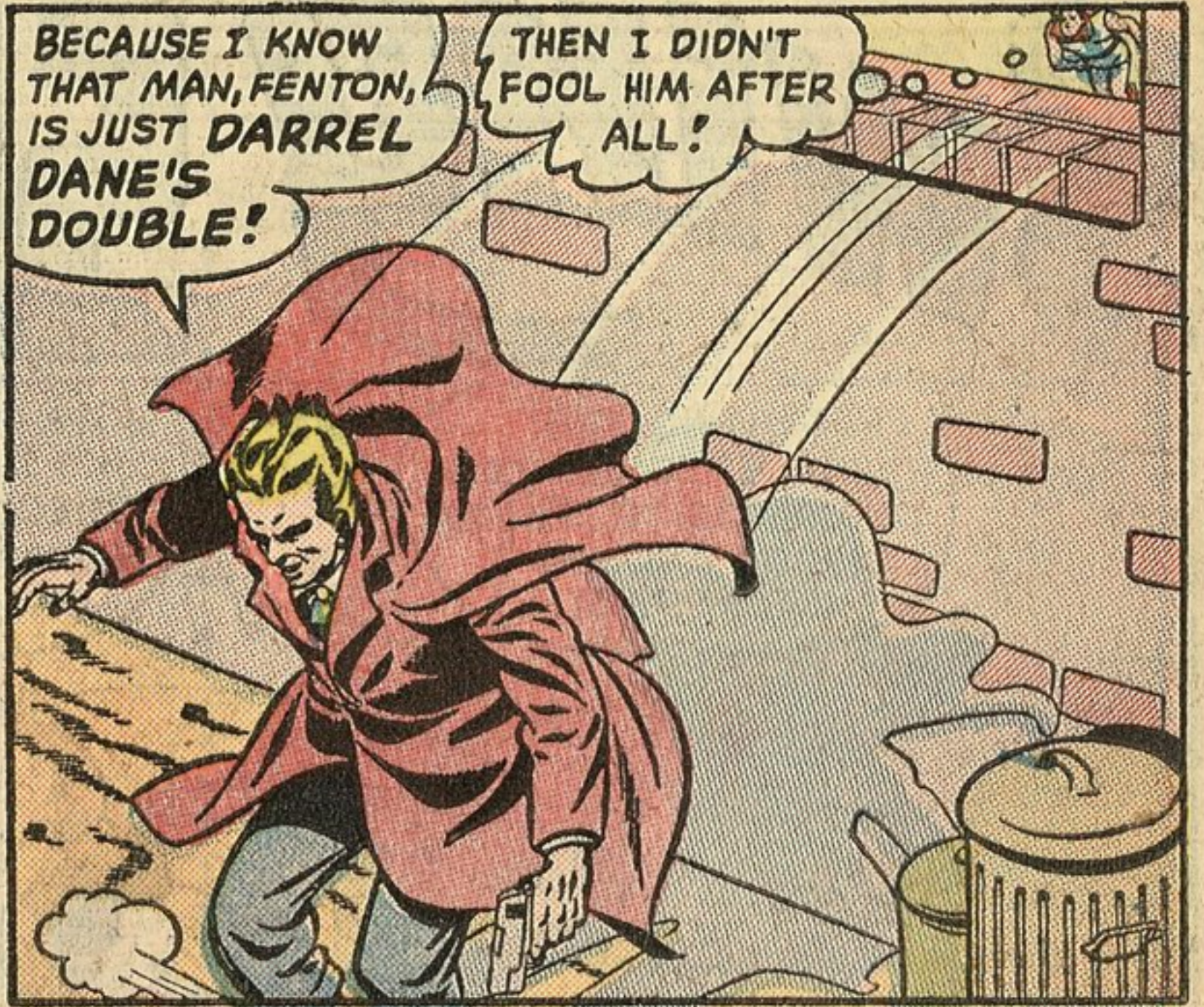


TSK-TSK! YOU'VE NEVER LEARNED THE ART OF FIGHTING WITH FURNITURE!



THIS IS HOW IT'S DONE!

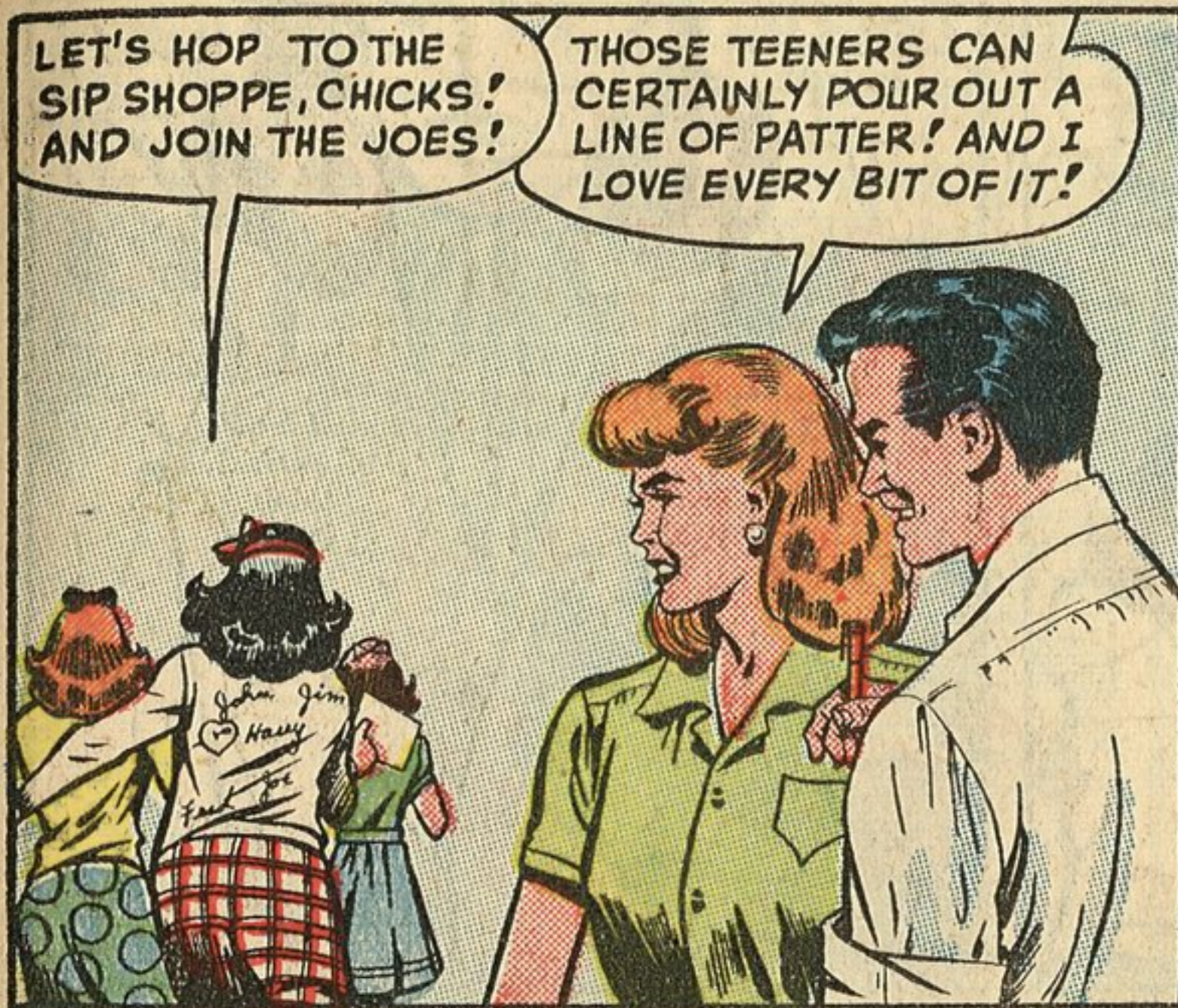
CRASH!

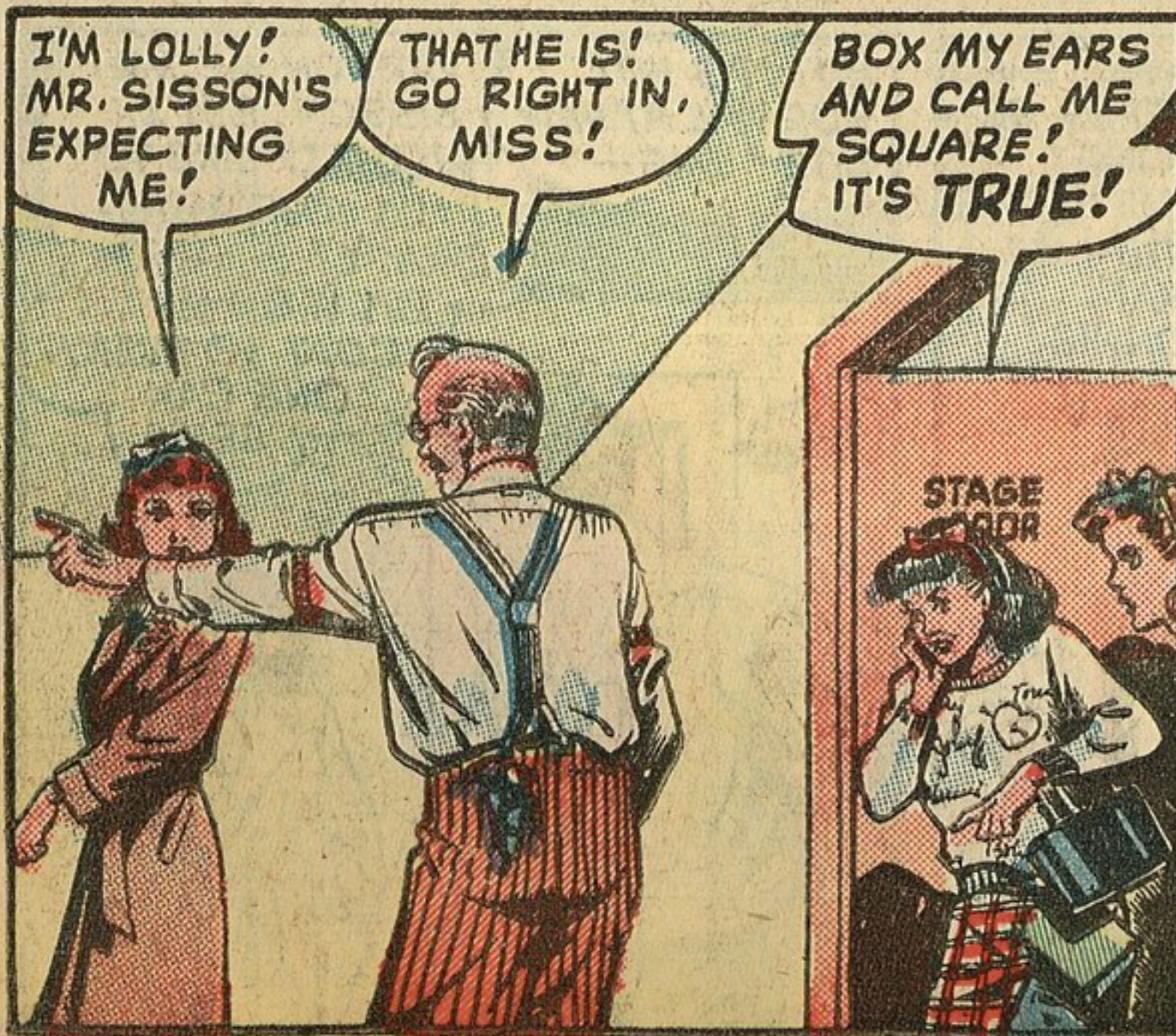
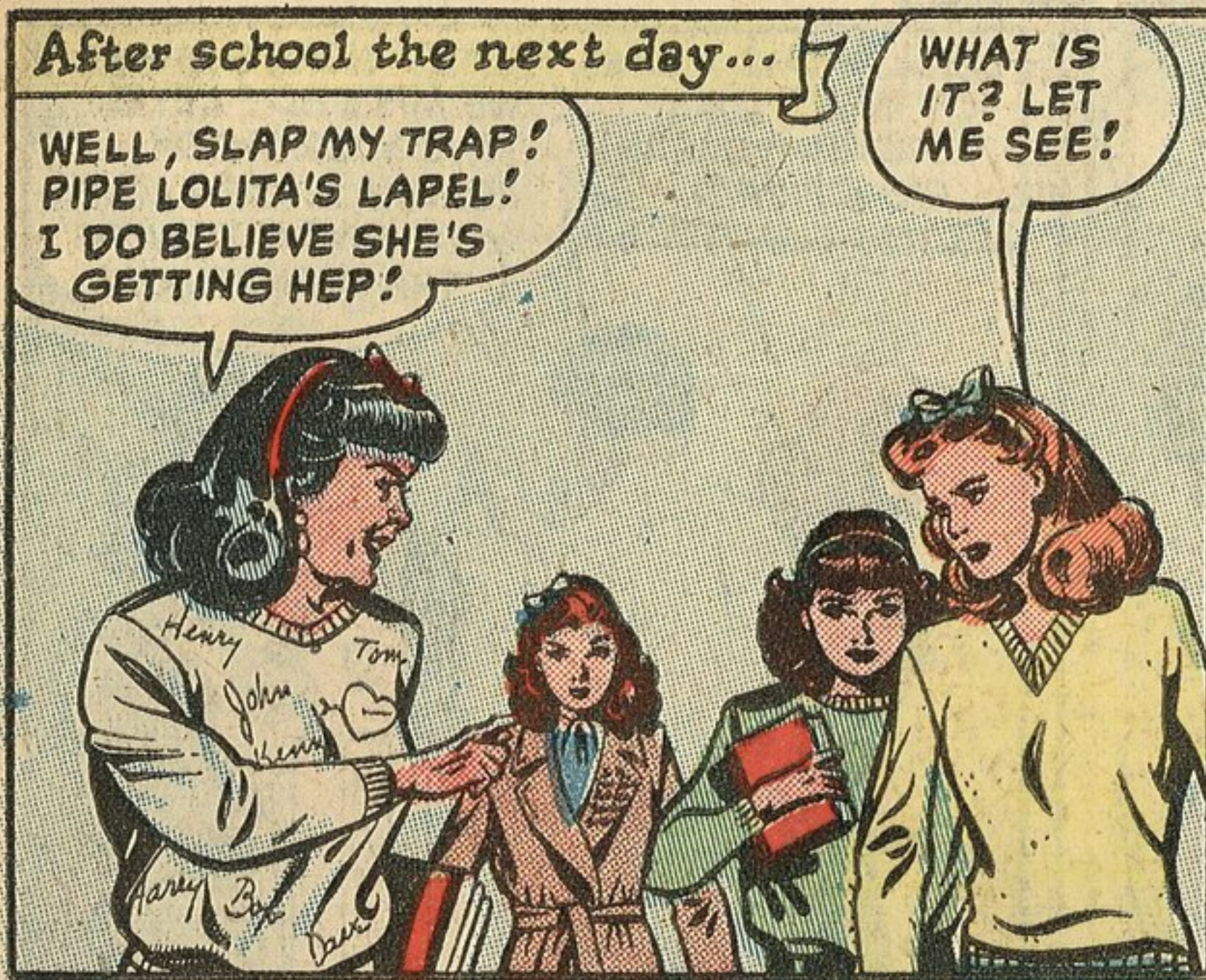


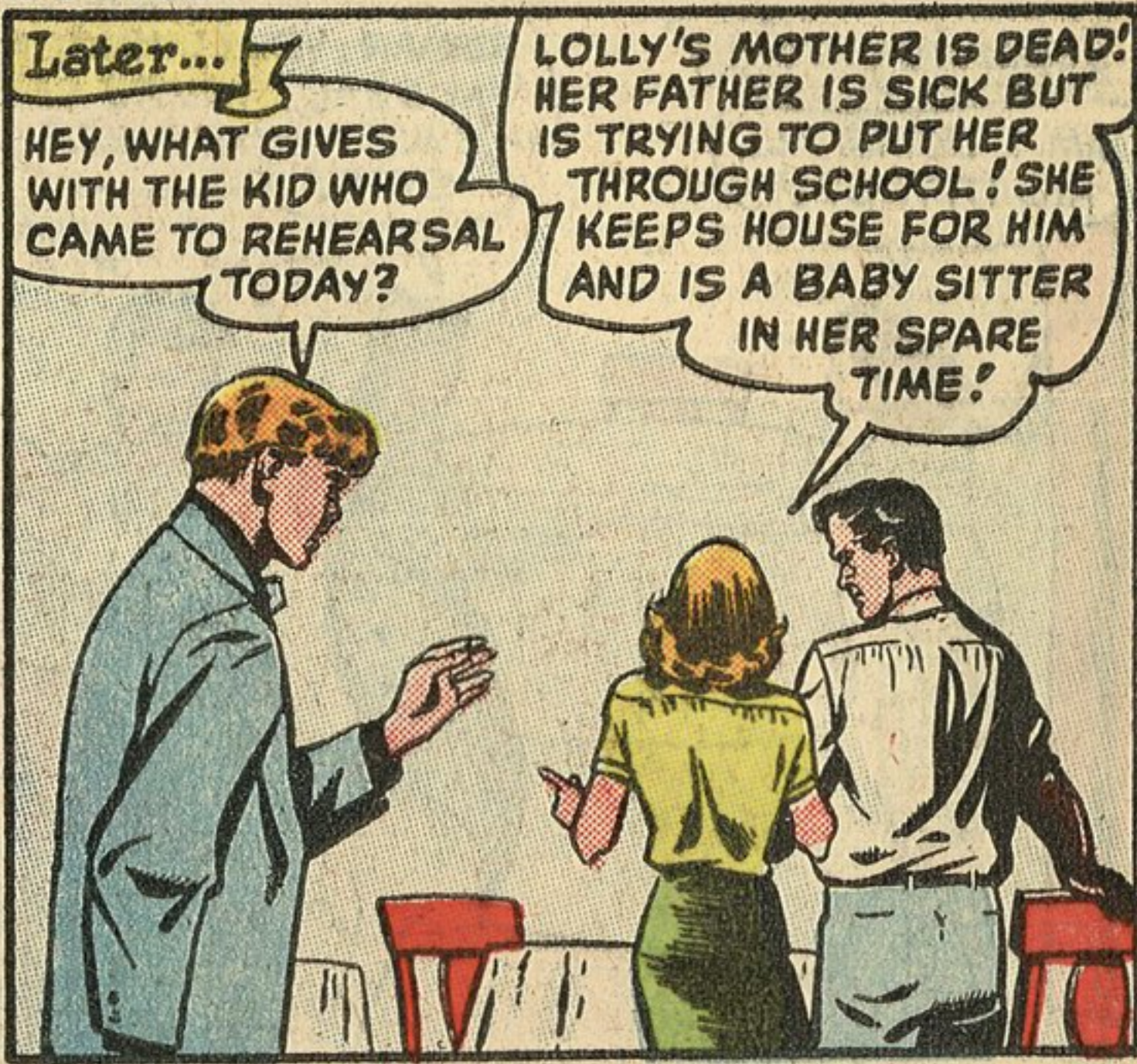
Swing Sisson



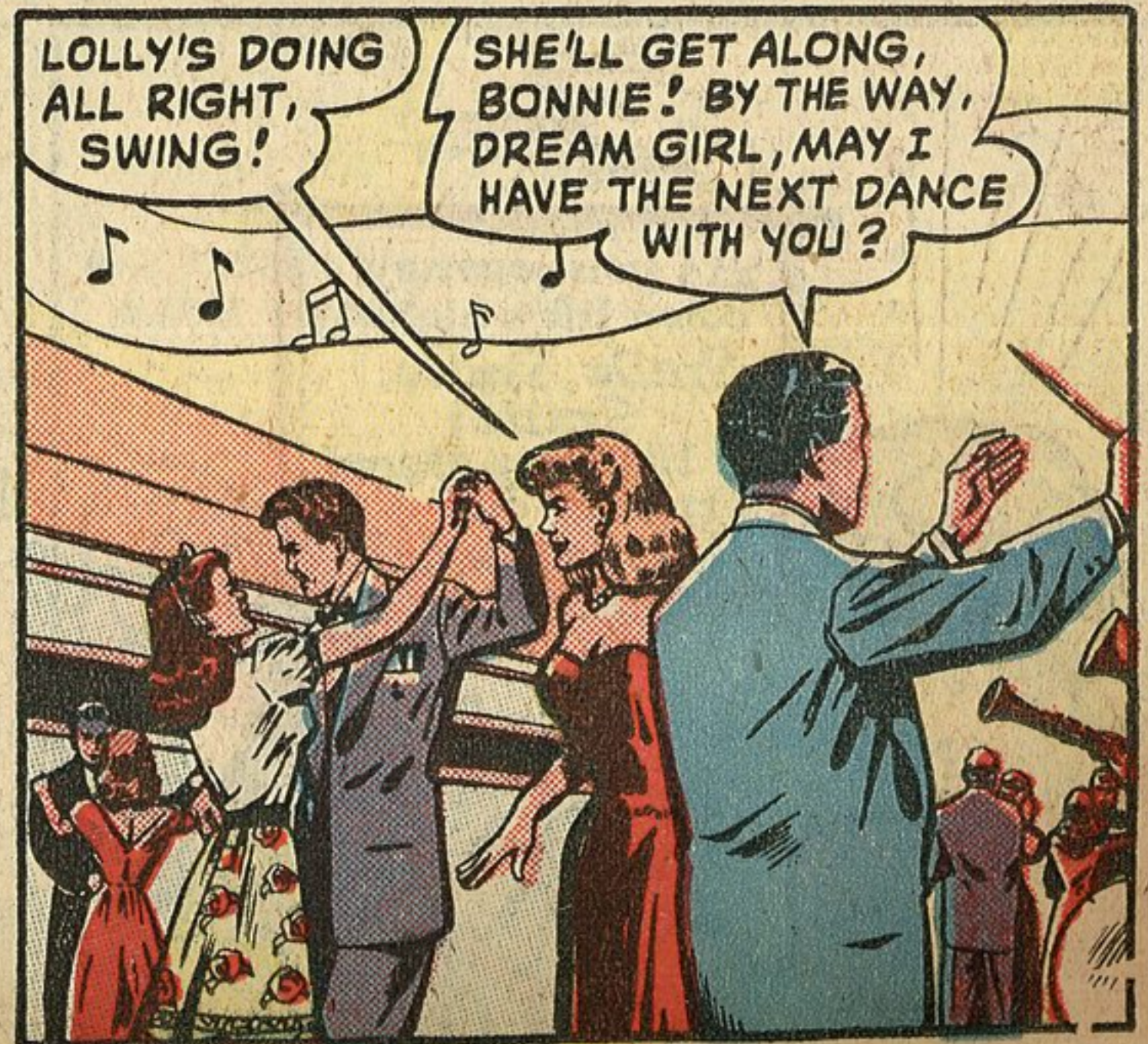
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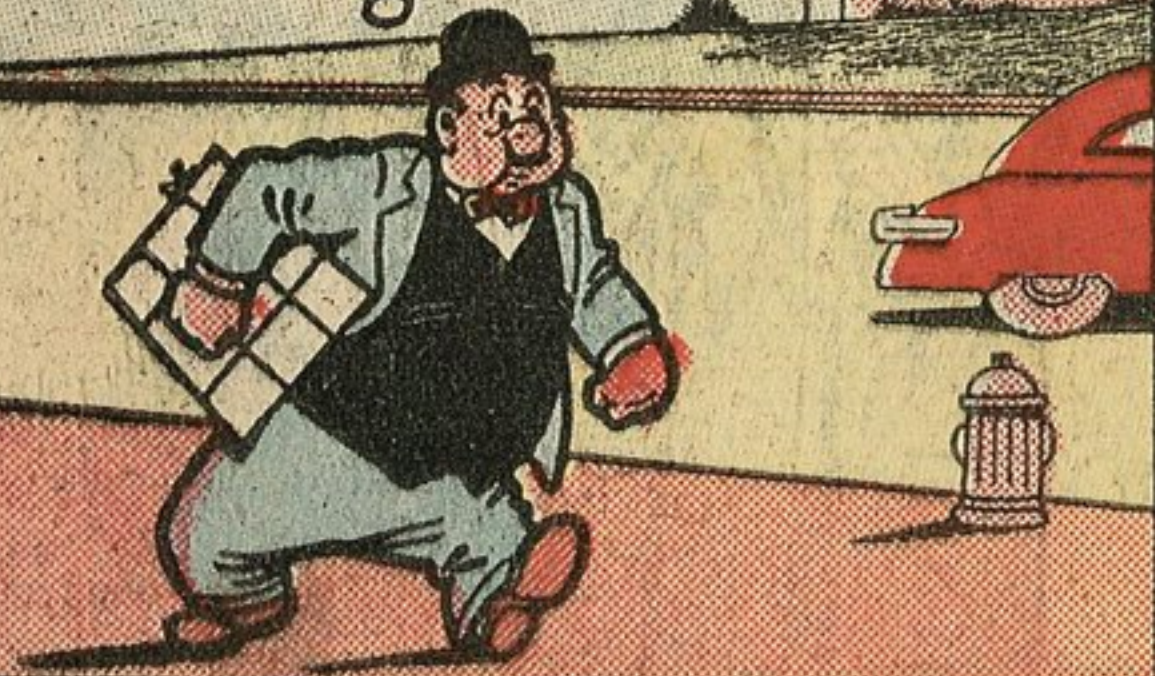




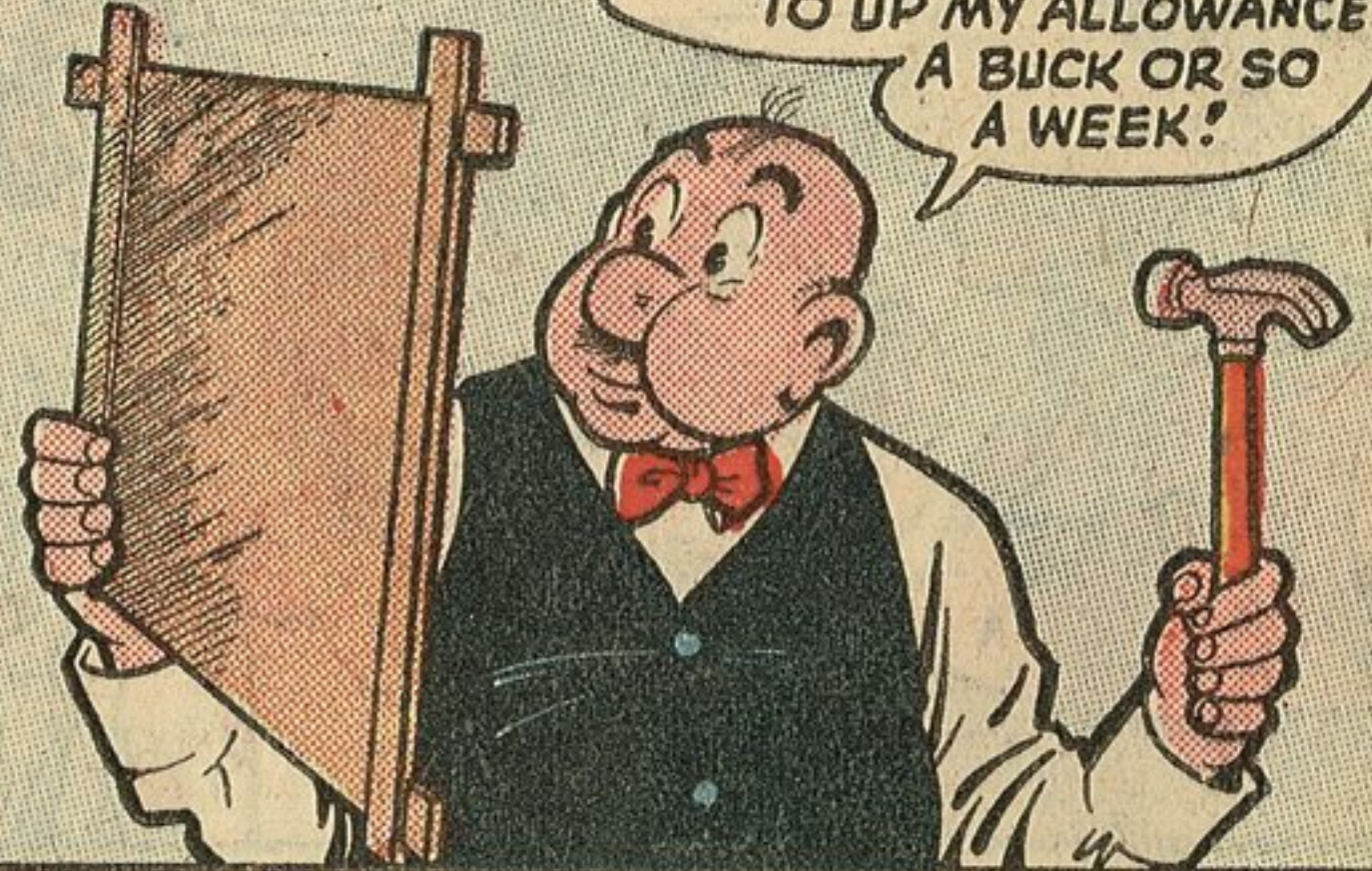


LALA PALOOZA

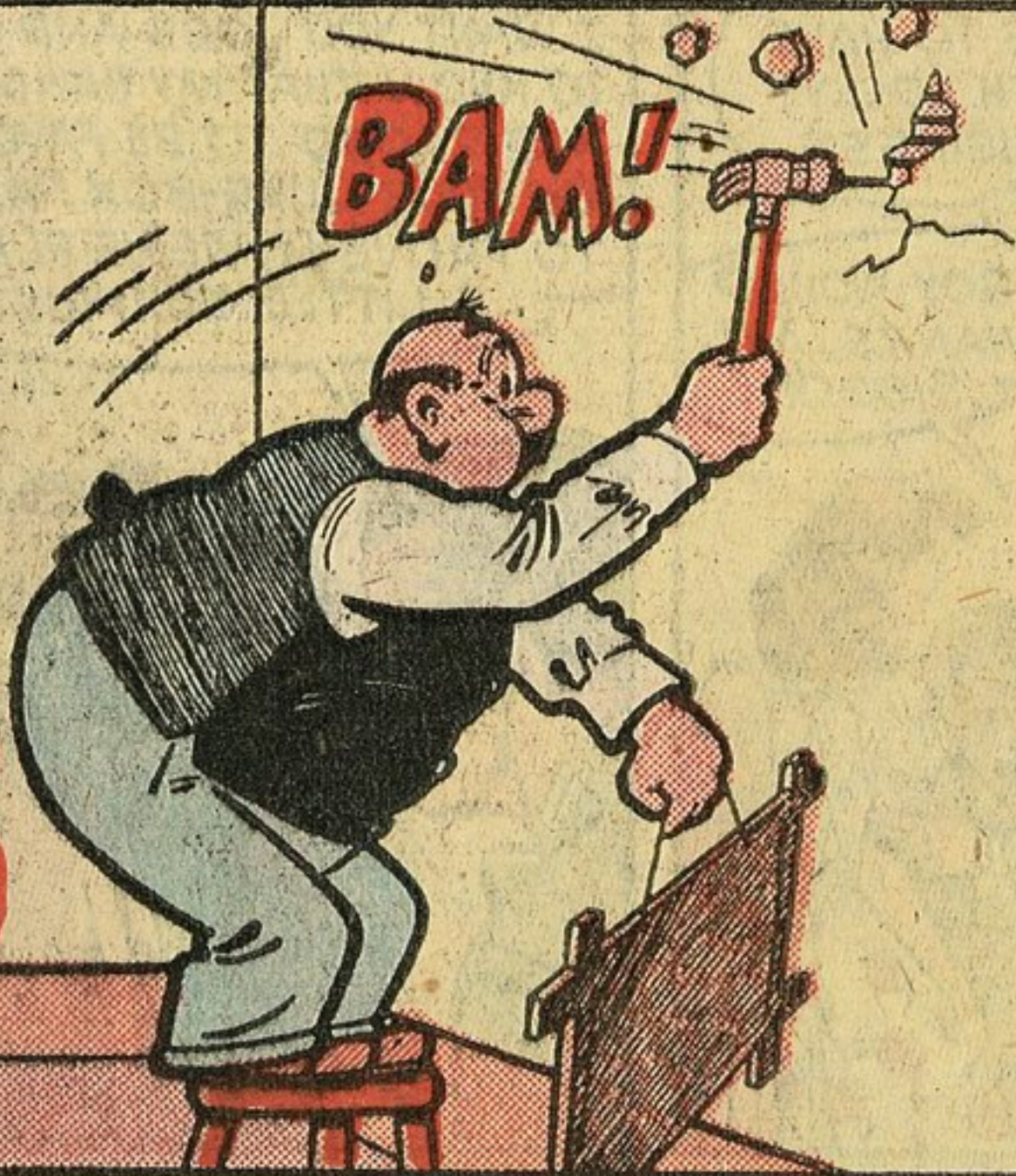
I THINK I'LL TRY A
LITTLE **PSYCHOLOGY**
AND SEE IF I CAN SNAP
LALA OUT OF THAT
GROUCH SHE'S HAD!



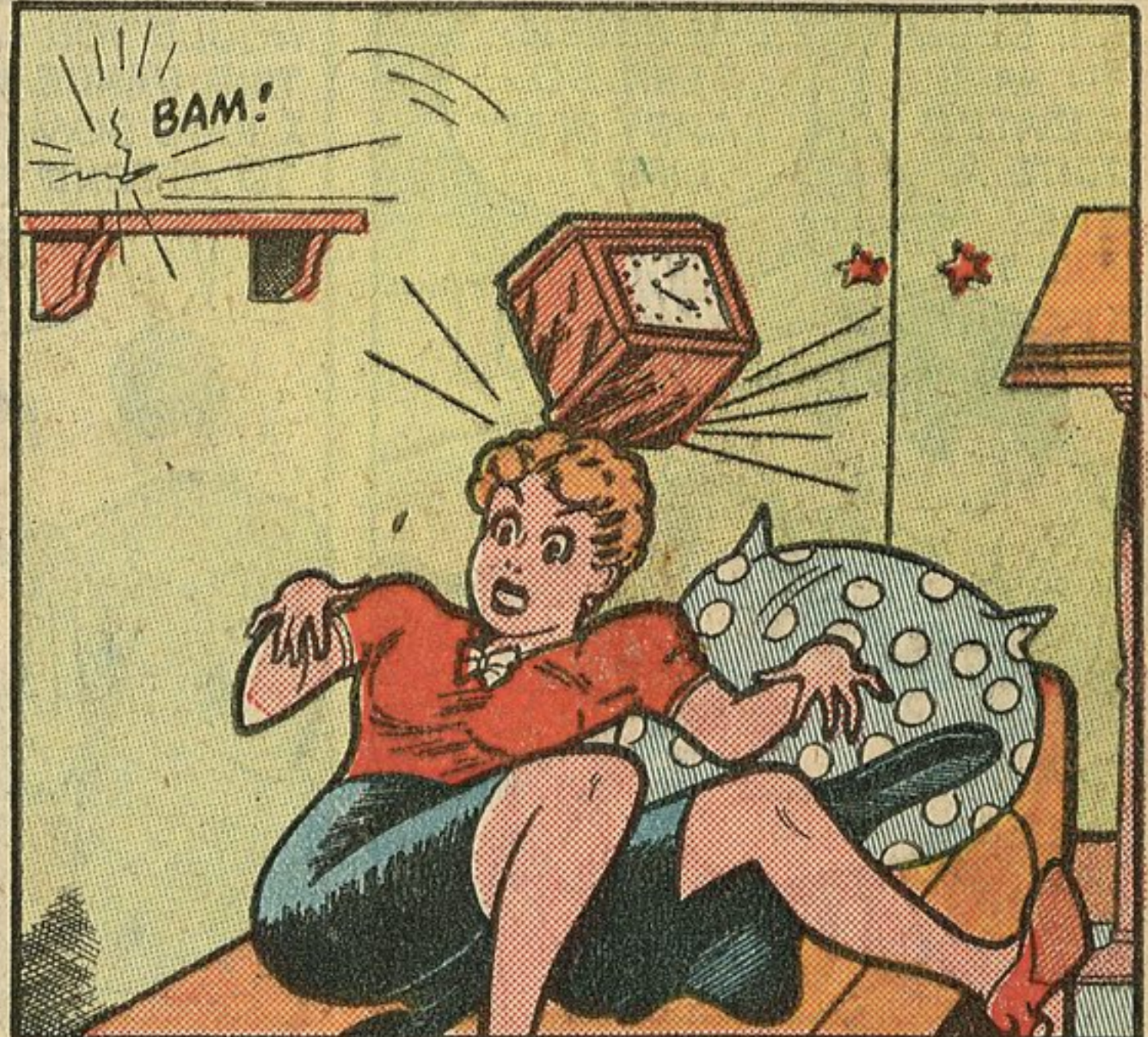
THIS PRETTY THING
OUGHTA PUT EVEN
LALA IN A GOOD MOOD...
AND MAYBE CAUSE HER
TO UP MY ALLOWANCE
A BUCK OR SO
A WEEK!



BAM!



BAM!



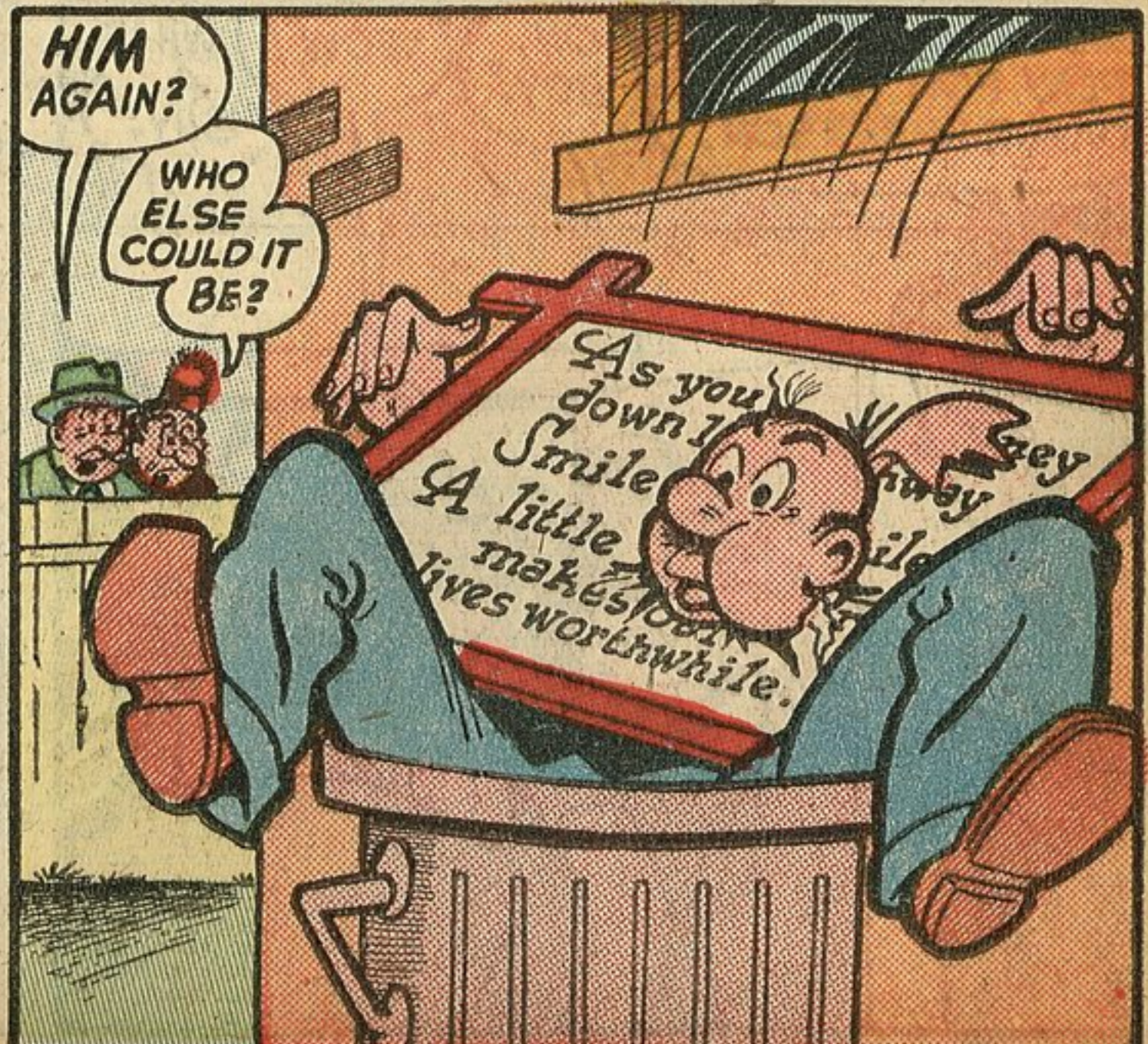
As you journey
down life's highway
Smile, Smile,
Smile;
A little joy shared
makes our
lives worthwhile.



HIM
AGAIN?

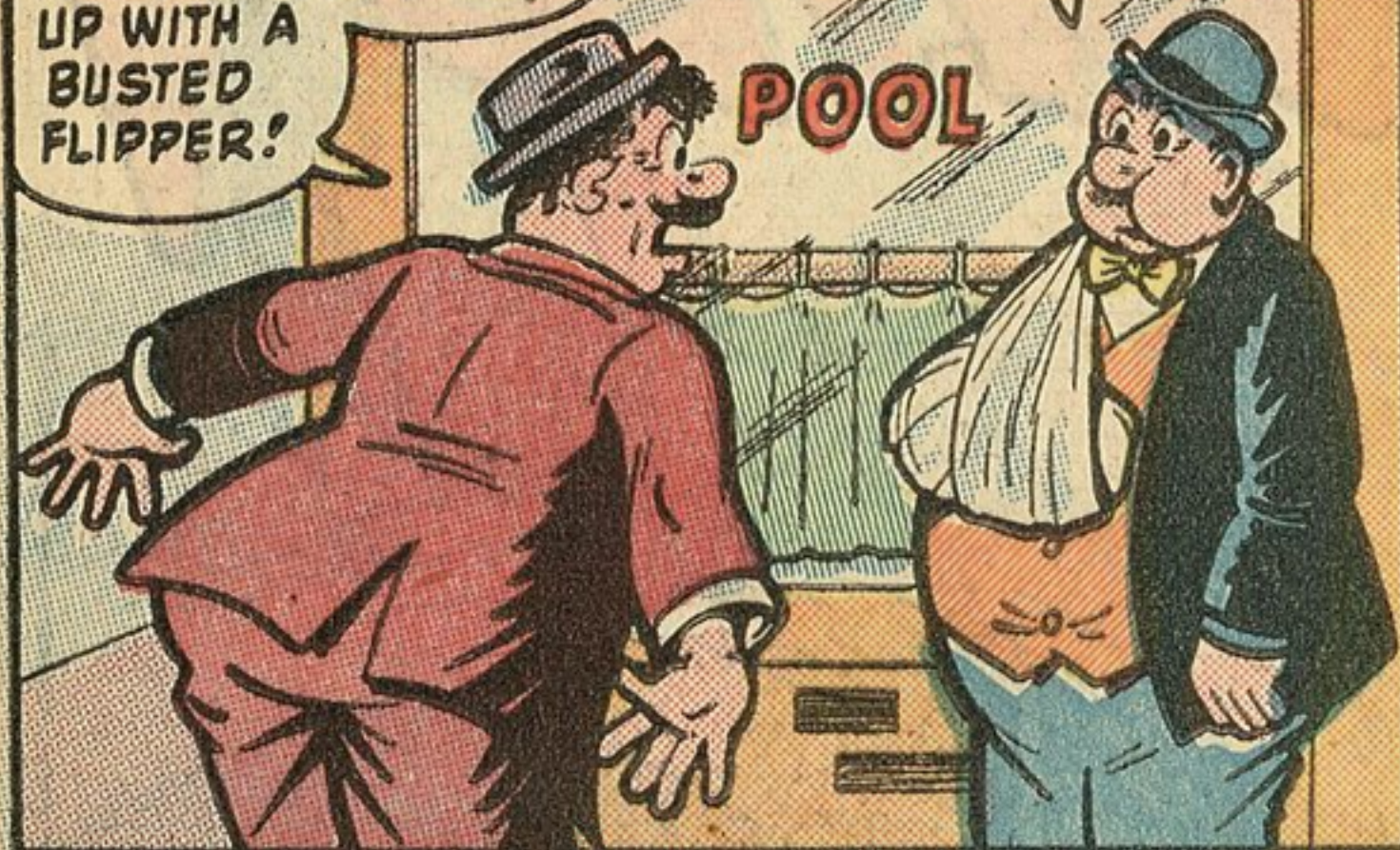
WHO
ELSE
COULD IT
BE?

As you
down life's
Smile, Smile,
Smile;
A little
joy shared
makes our
lives worthwhile.



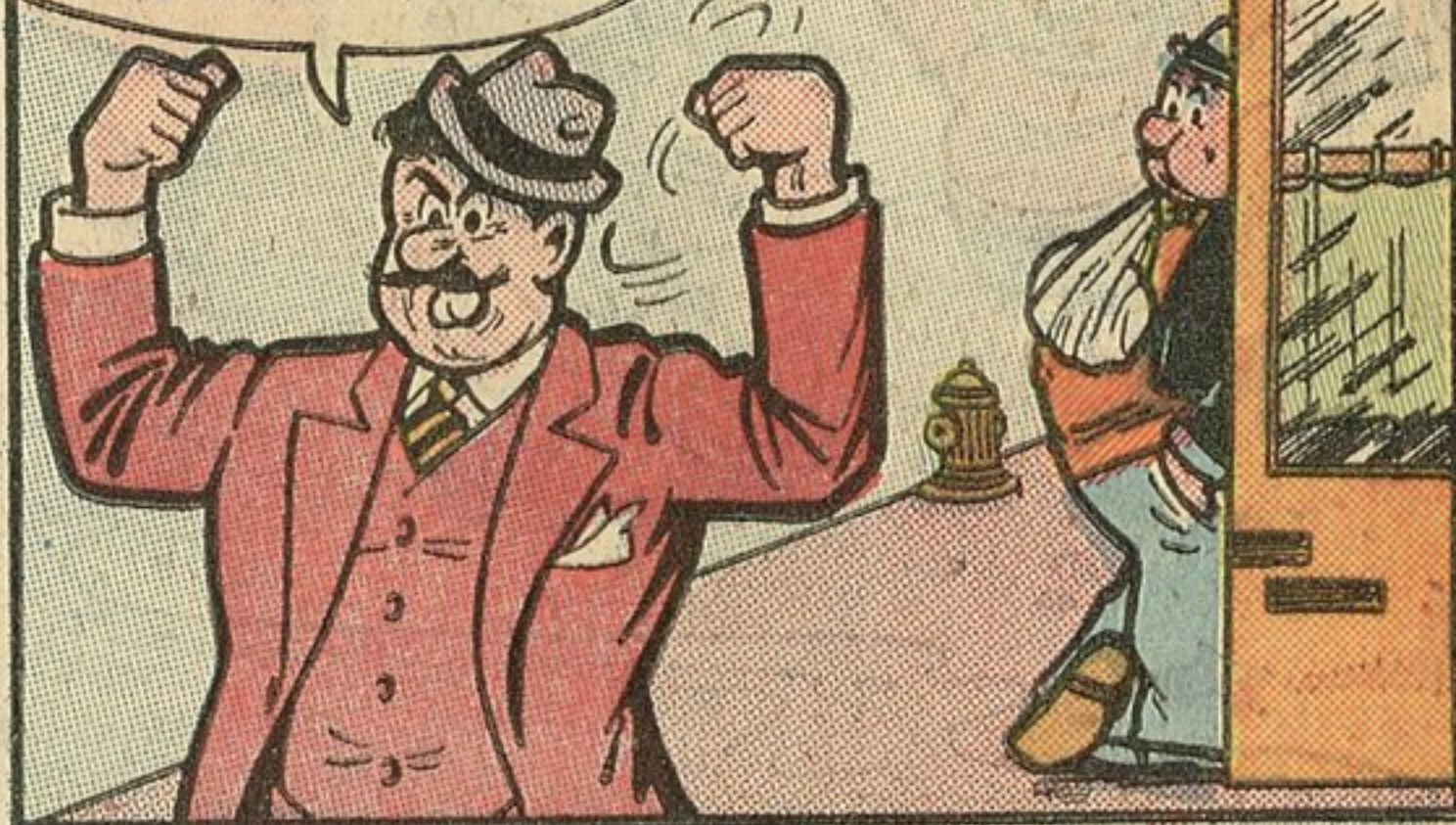
LALA PALOOZA

BAH!
YOU KILL-
JOY! I
PROM-
ISED I
WAS GONNA TAKE
YOU APART ON SIGHT
AND NOW YOU SHOW
UP WITH A
BUSTED
FLIPPER!



A TRIPLE
FRACTURE,
ALAS!

YOU SELFISH LOU!
YOU WOULD BREAK AN
ARM AND GET HELPLESS
JUST WHEN I WANTED
TO SOCK YOU!

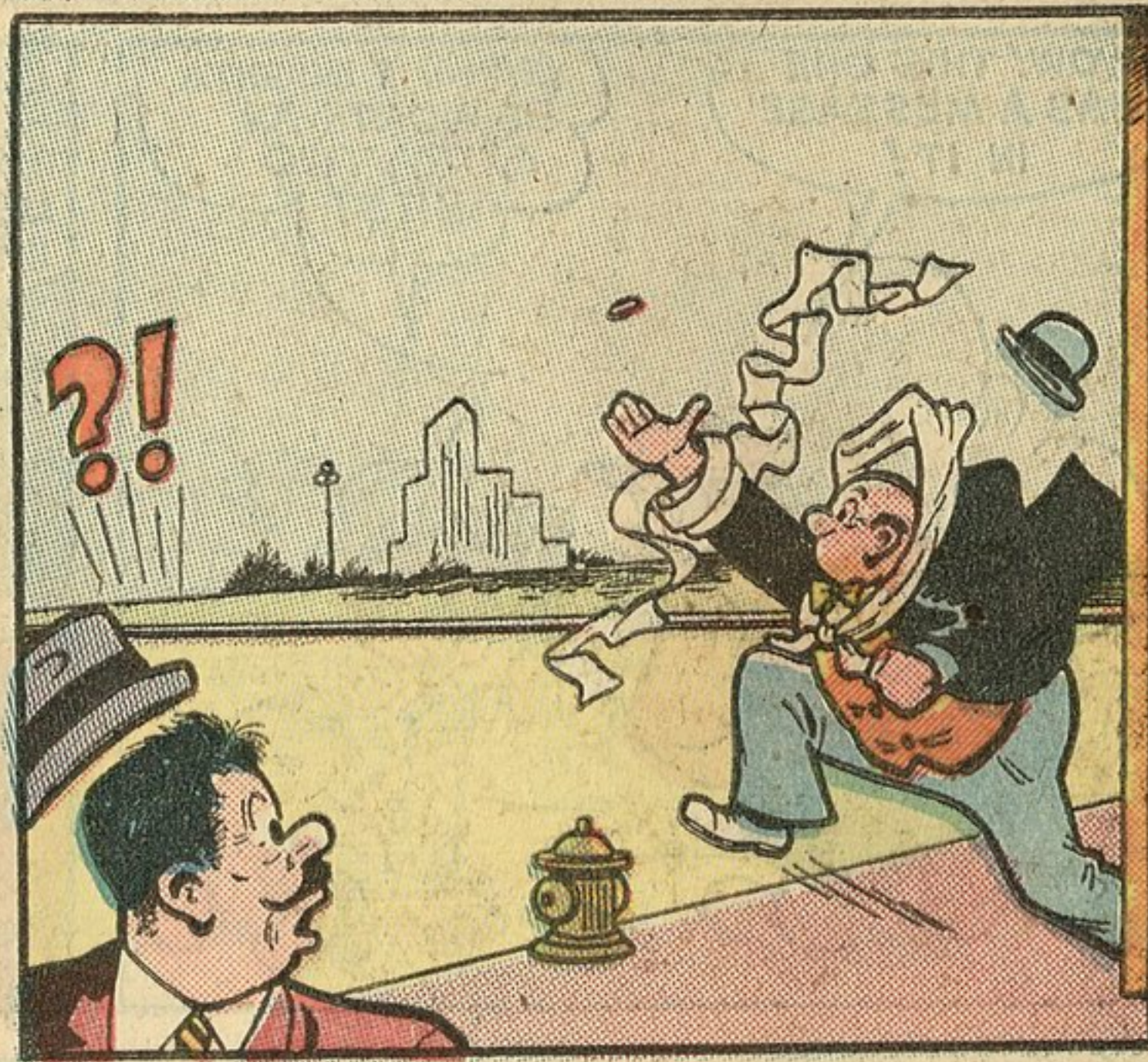


HELPLESS LIKE
PARALYZED,
PETE!

HI, VINCE...
HERE'S THE
HALF BUCK
I OWE YOU!



?!



WELL... WELL...
WELL...

ER...
THAT
IS...



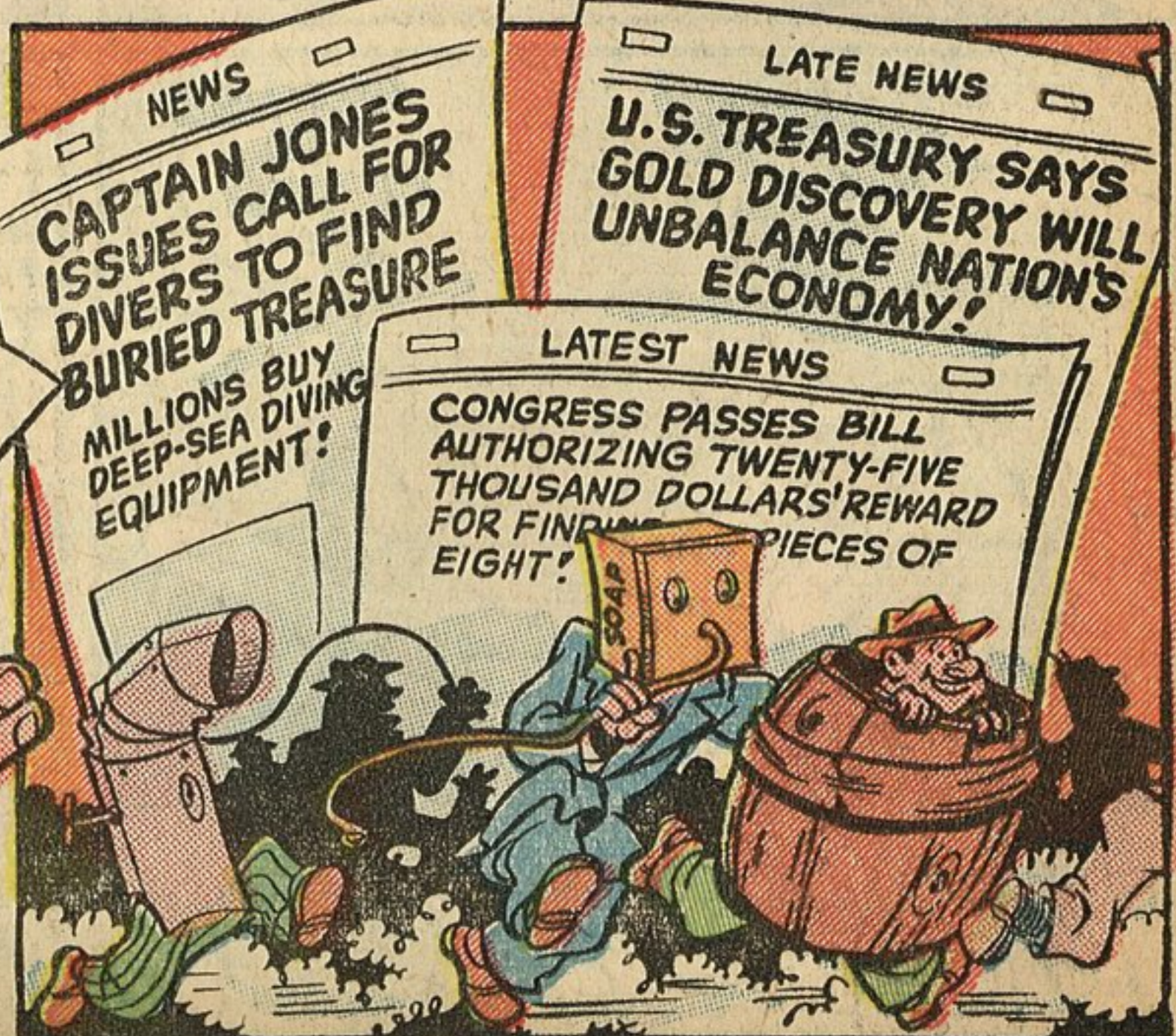
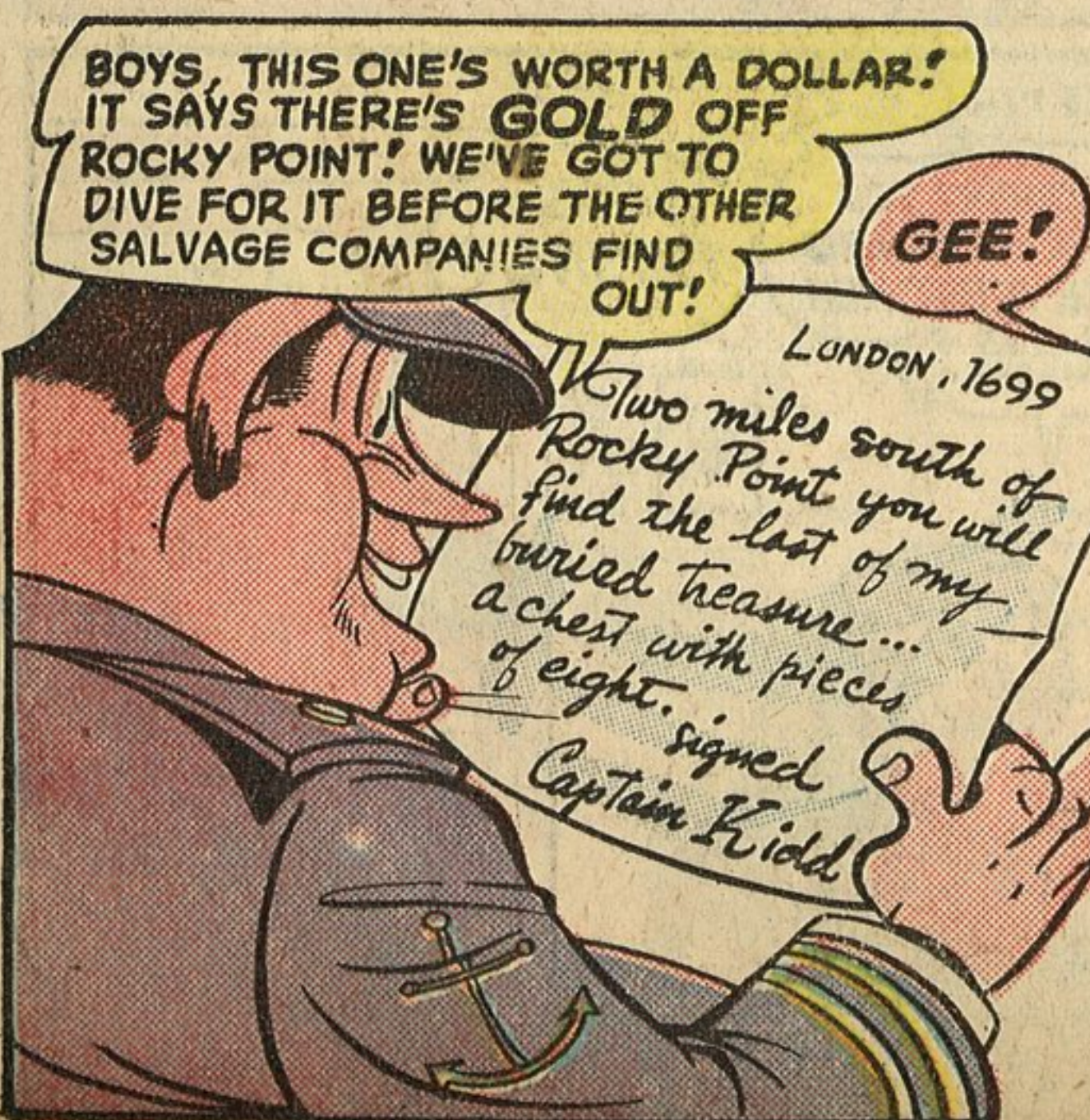
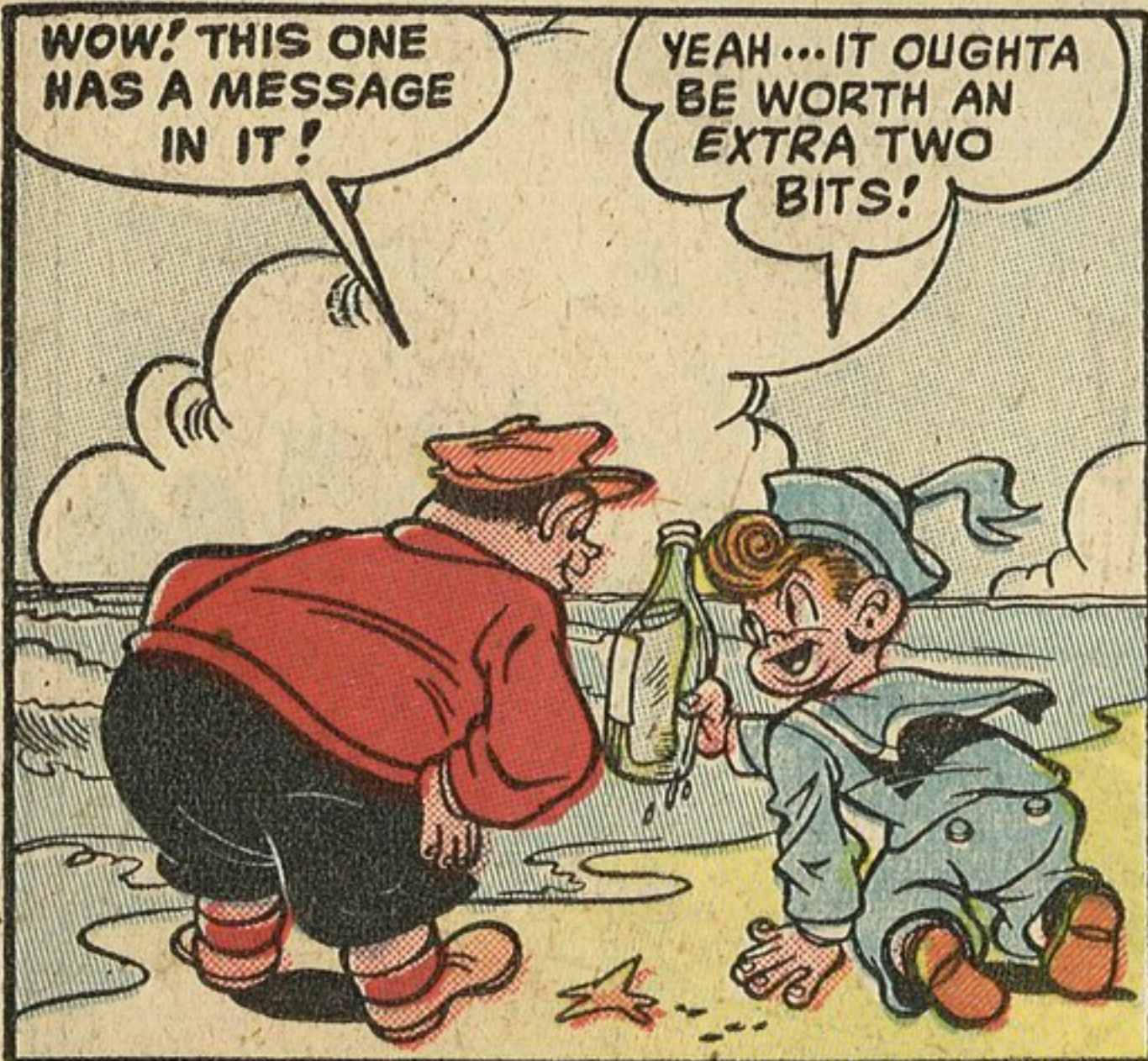
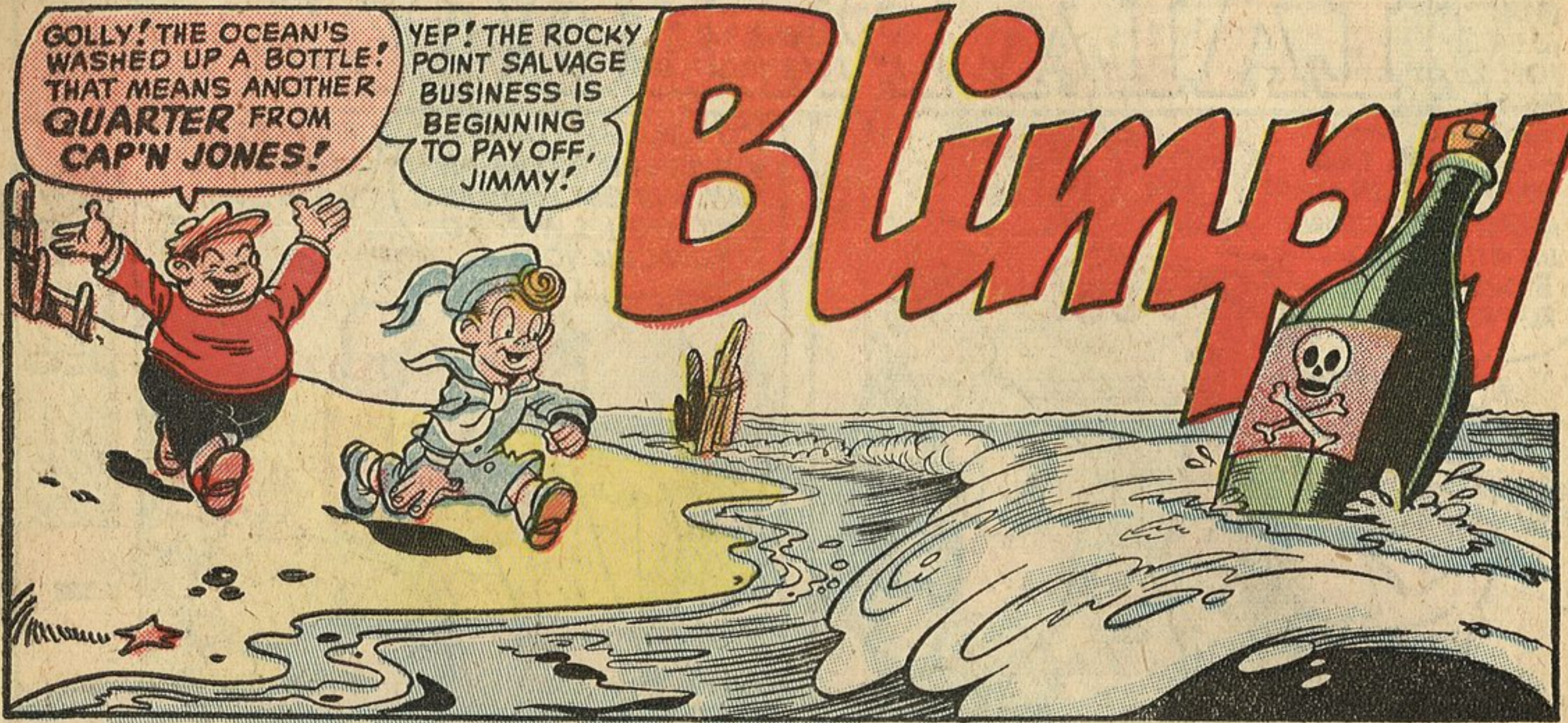
Later...

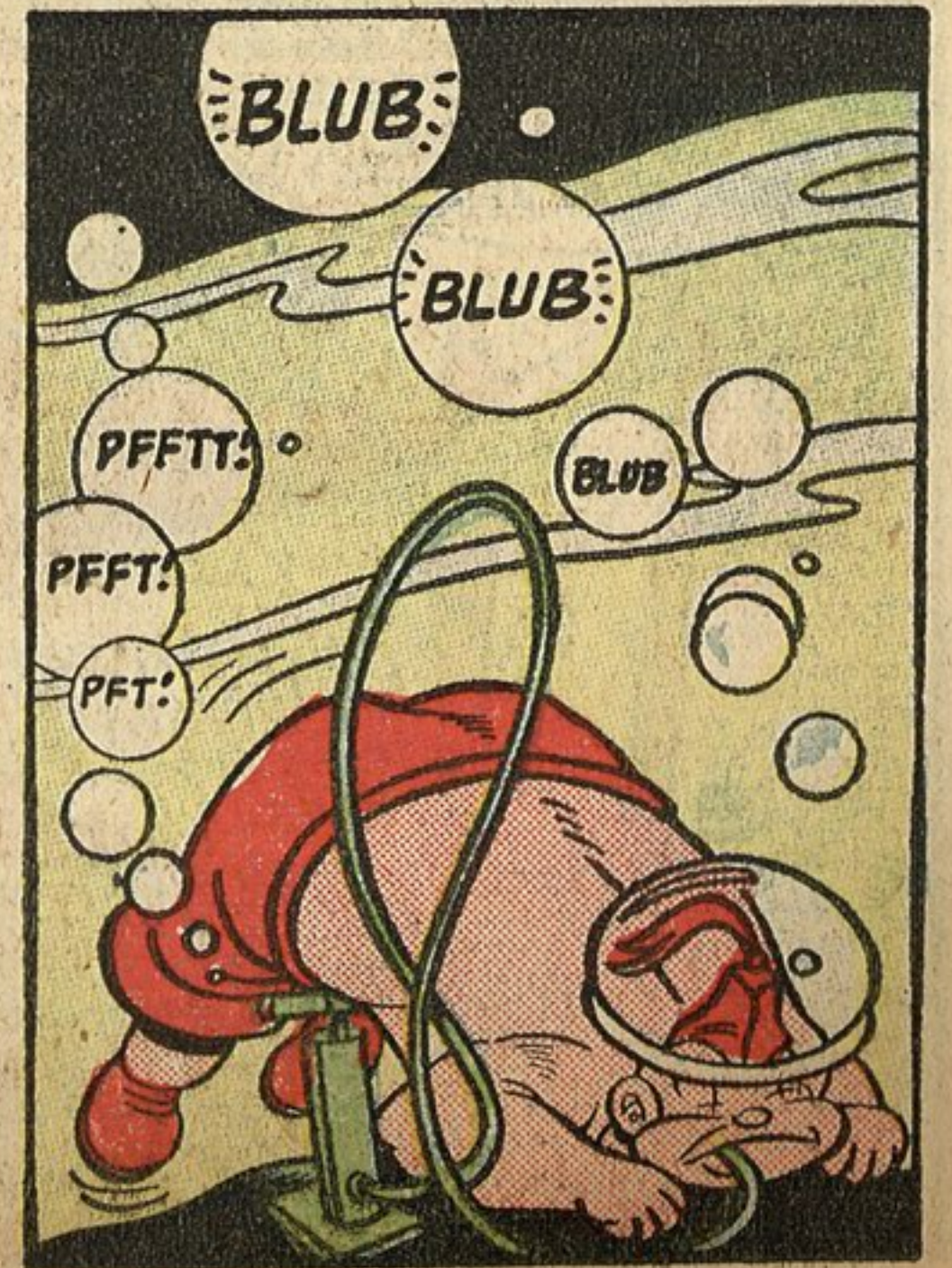
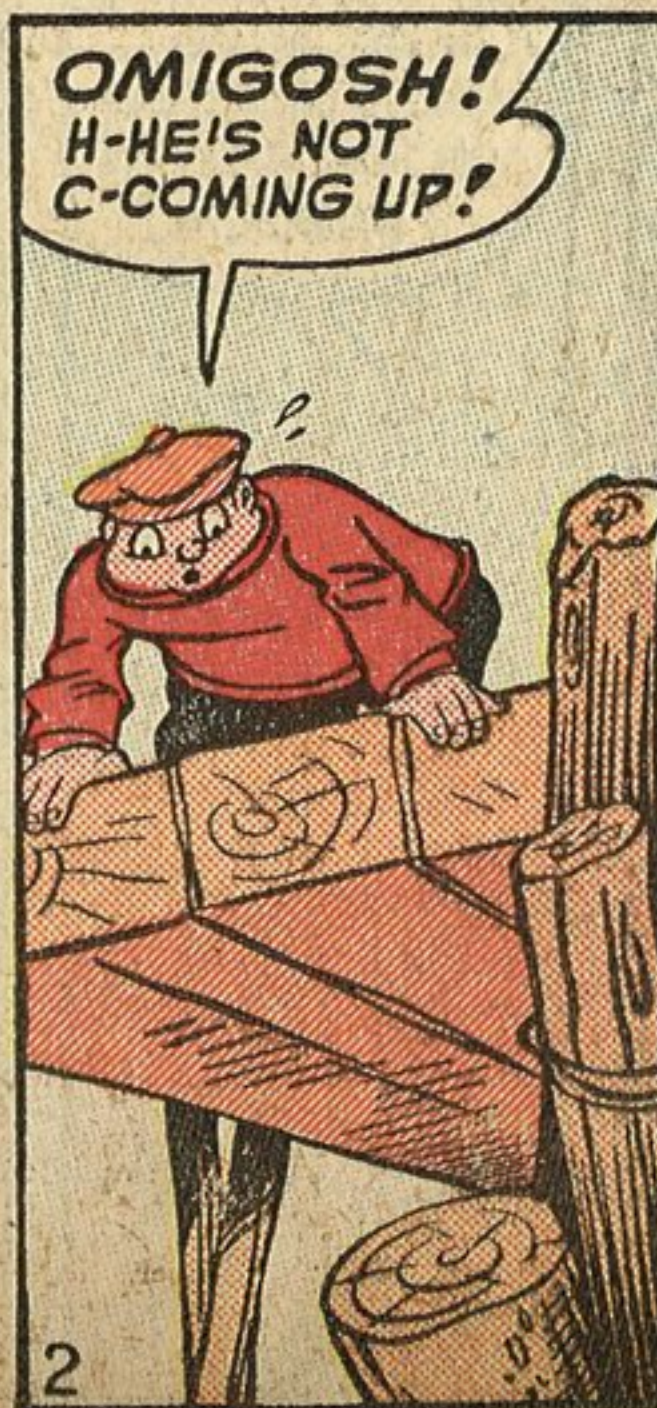
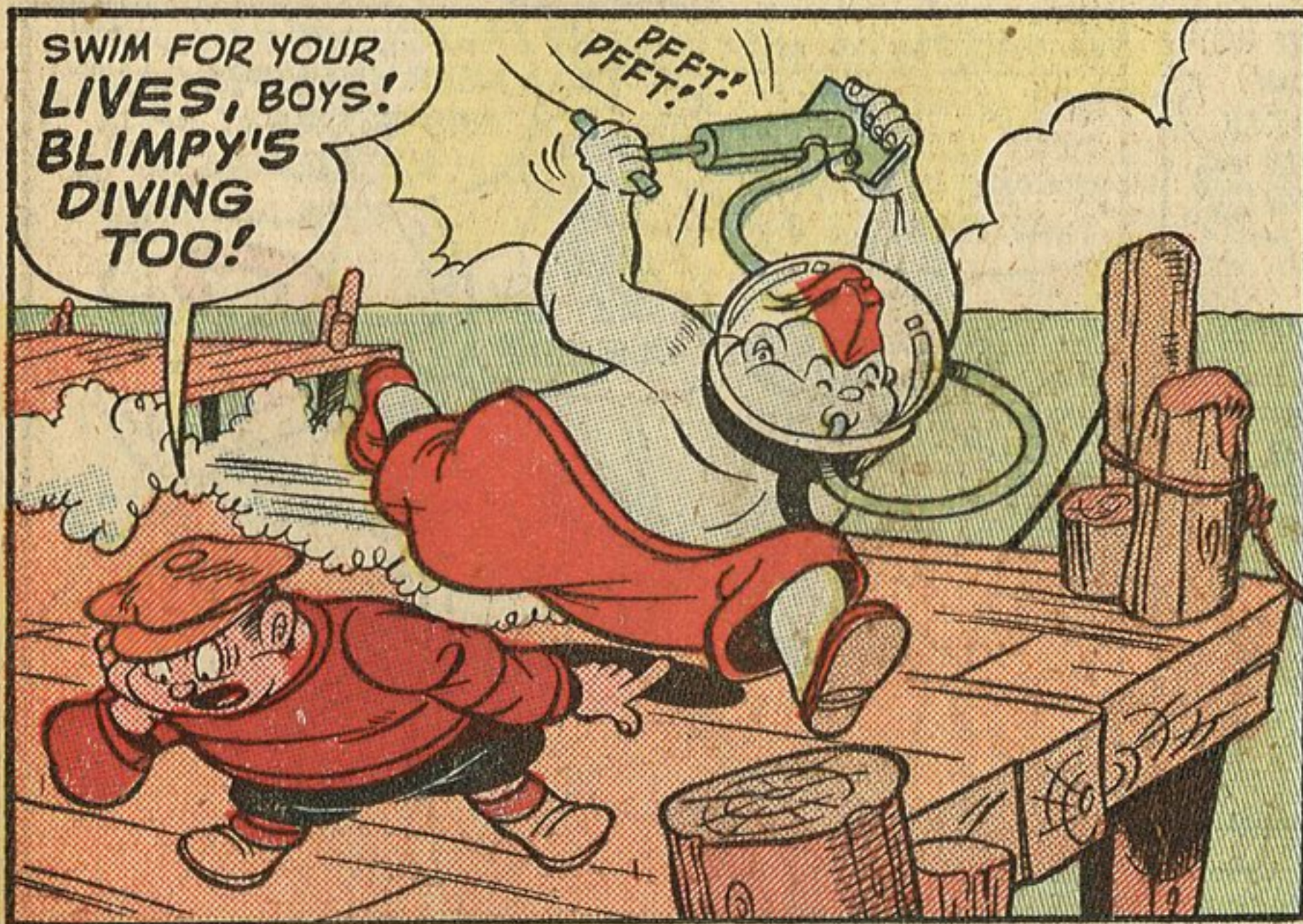
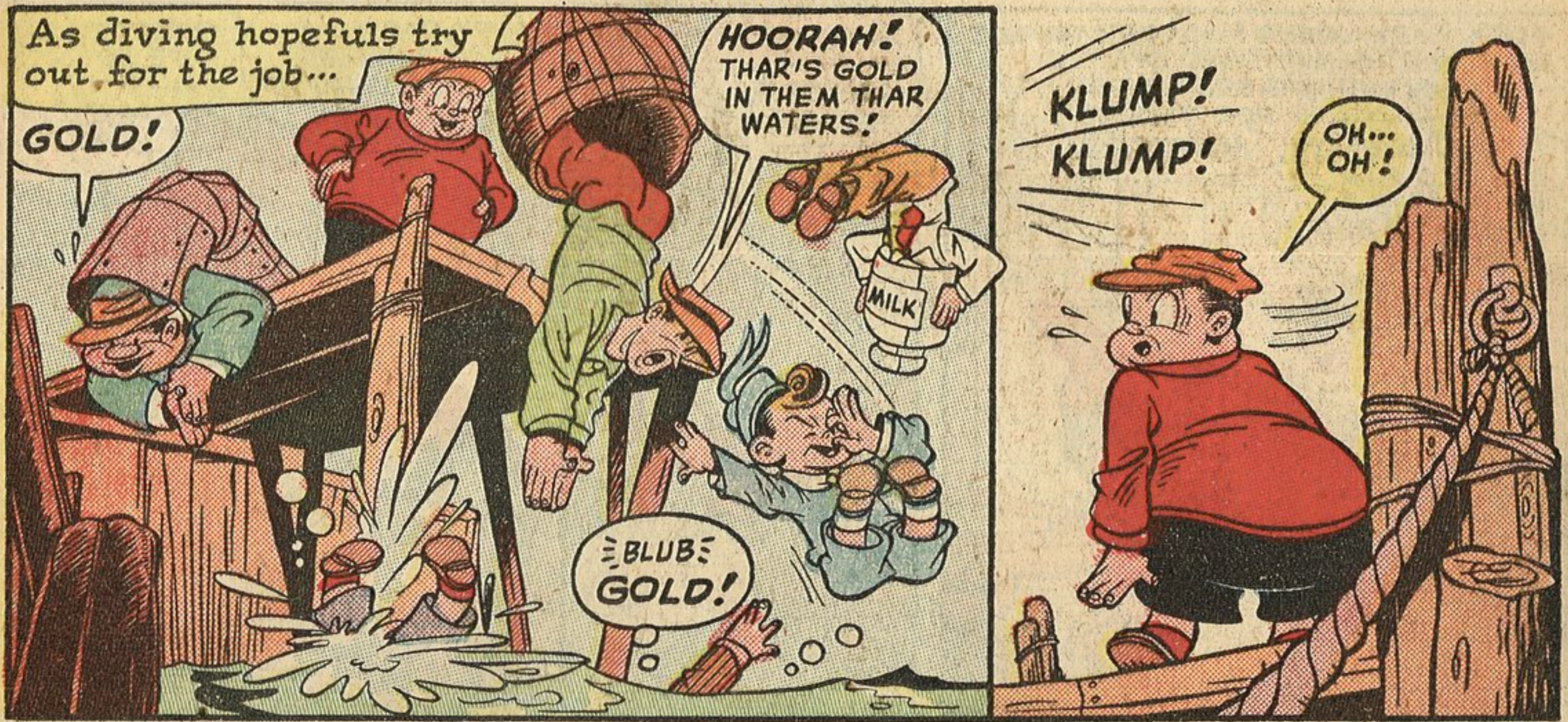
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE GOING TO
FAKE A BROKEN
ARM!

WHO'S
FAKING?

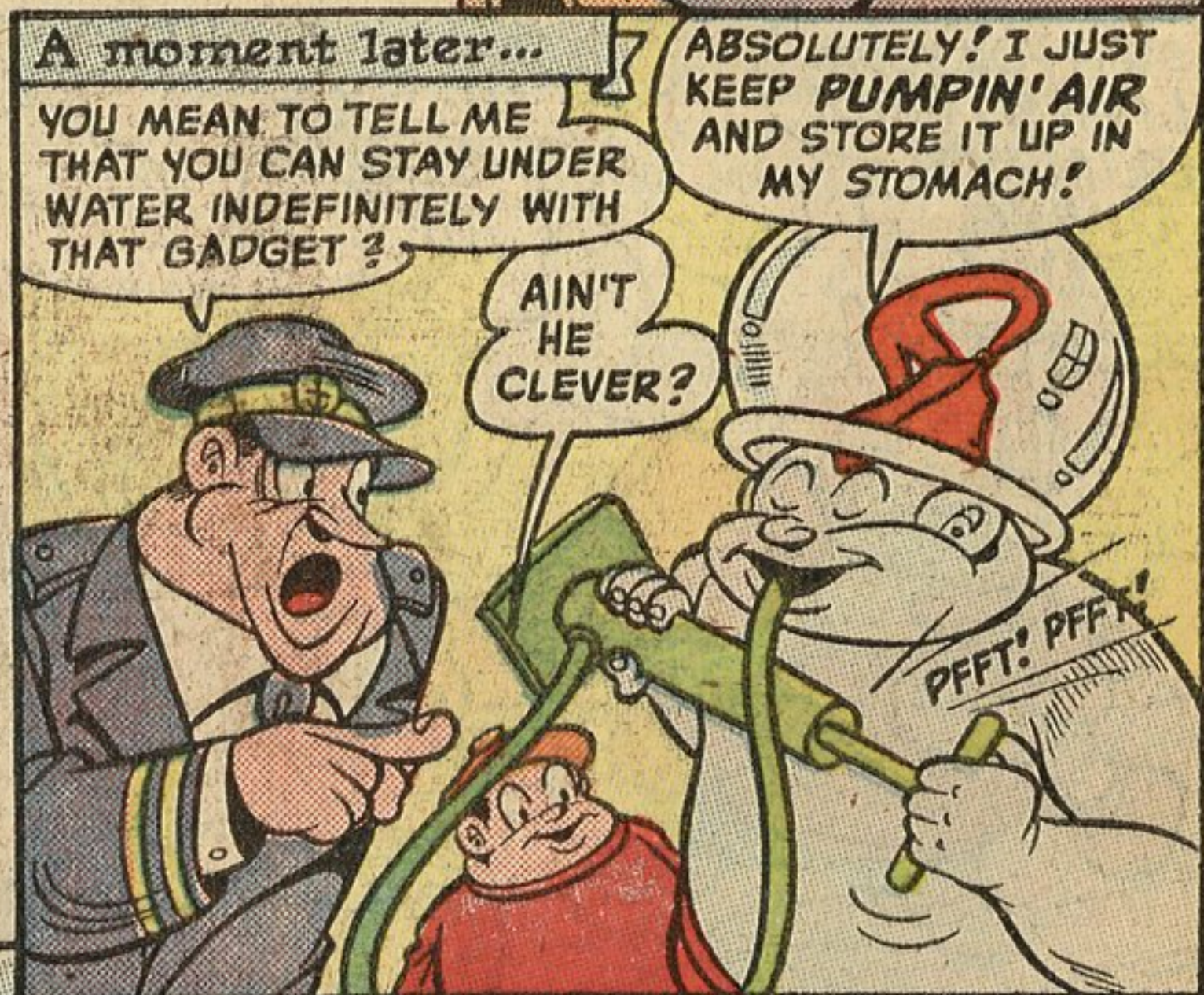
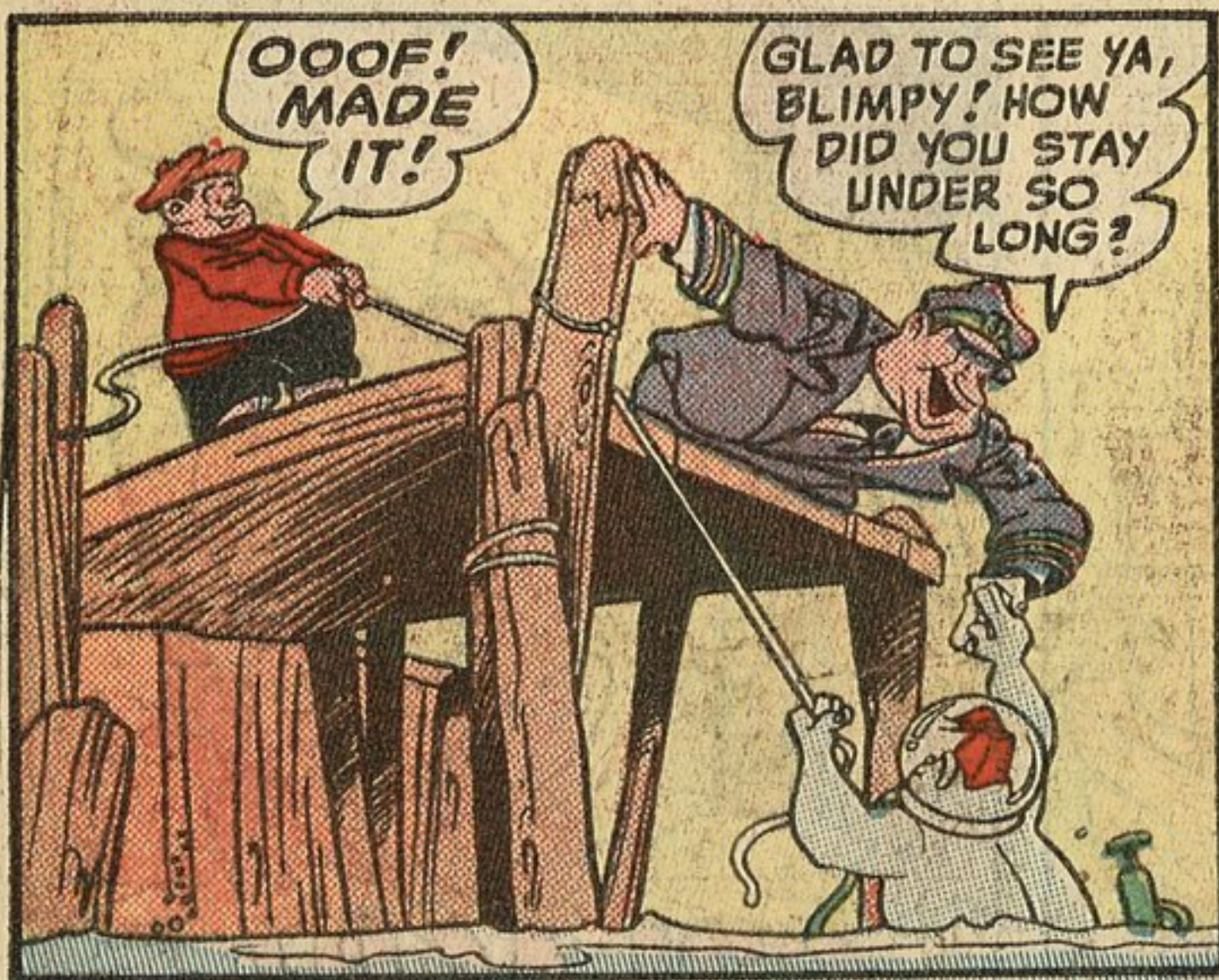
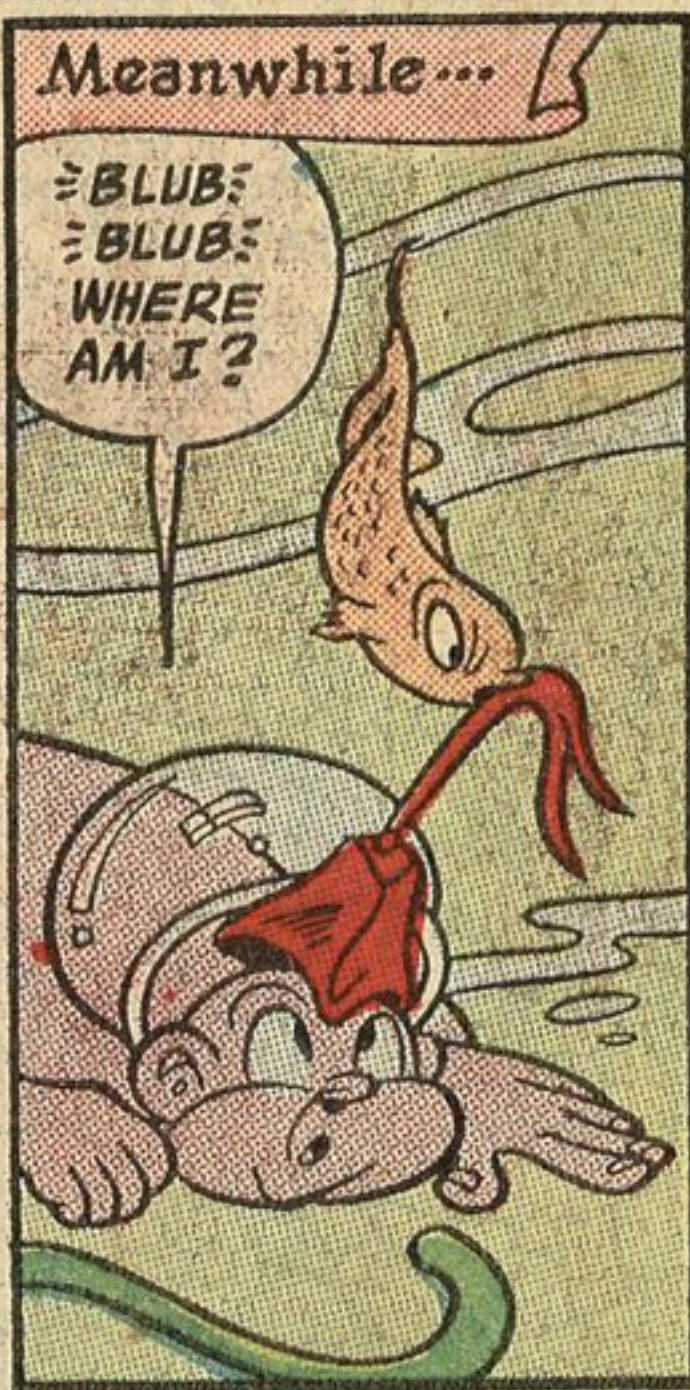
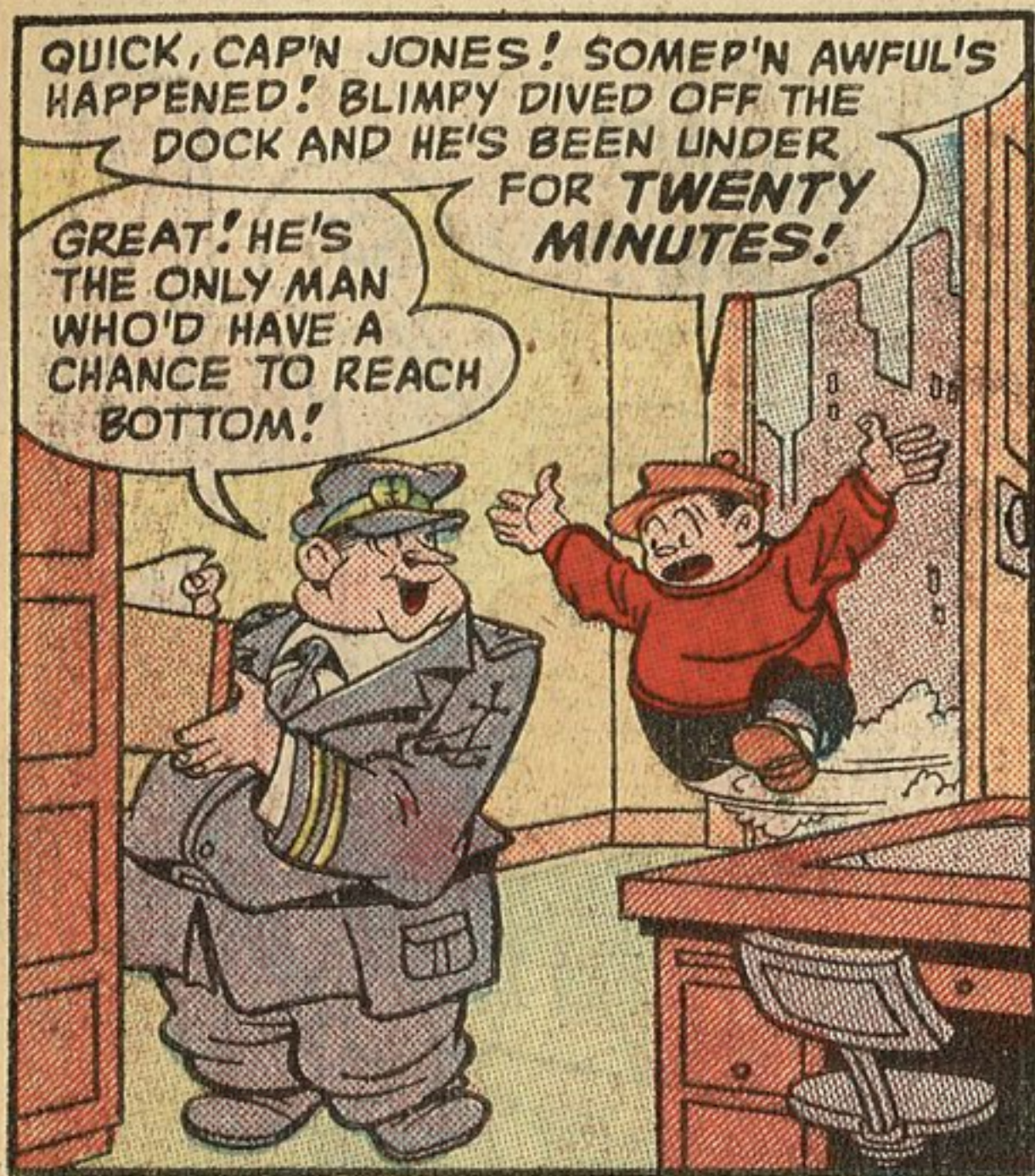


BLIMPY

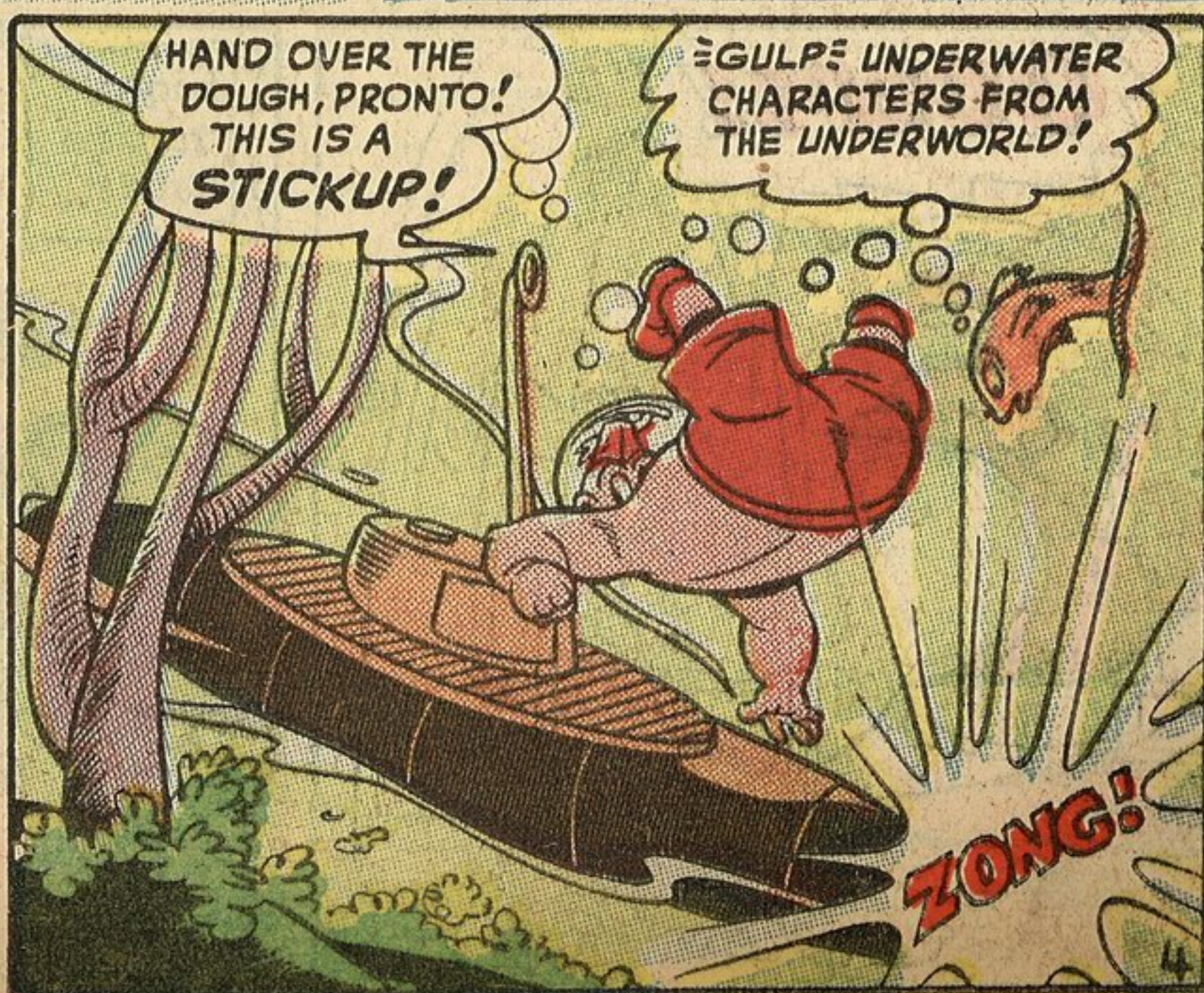
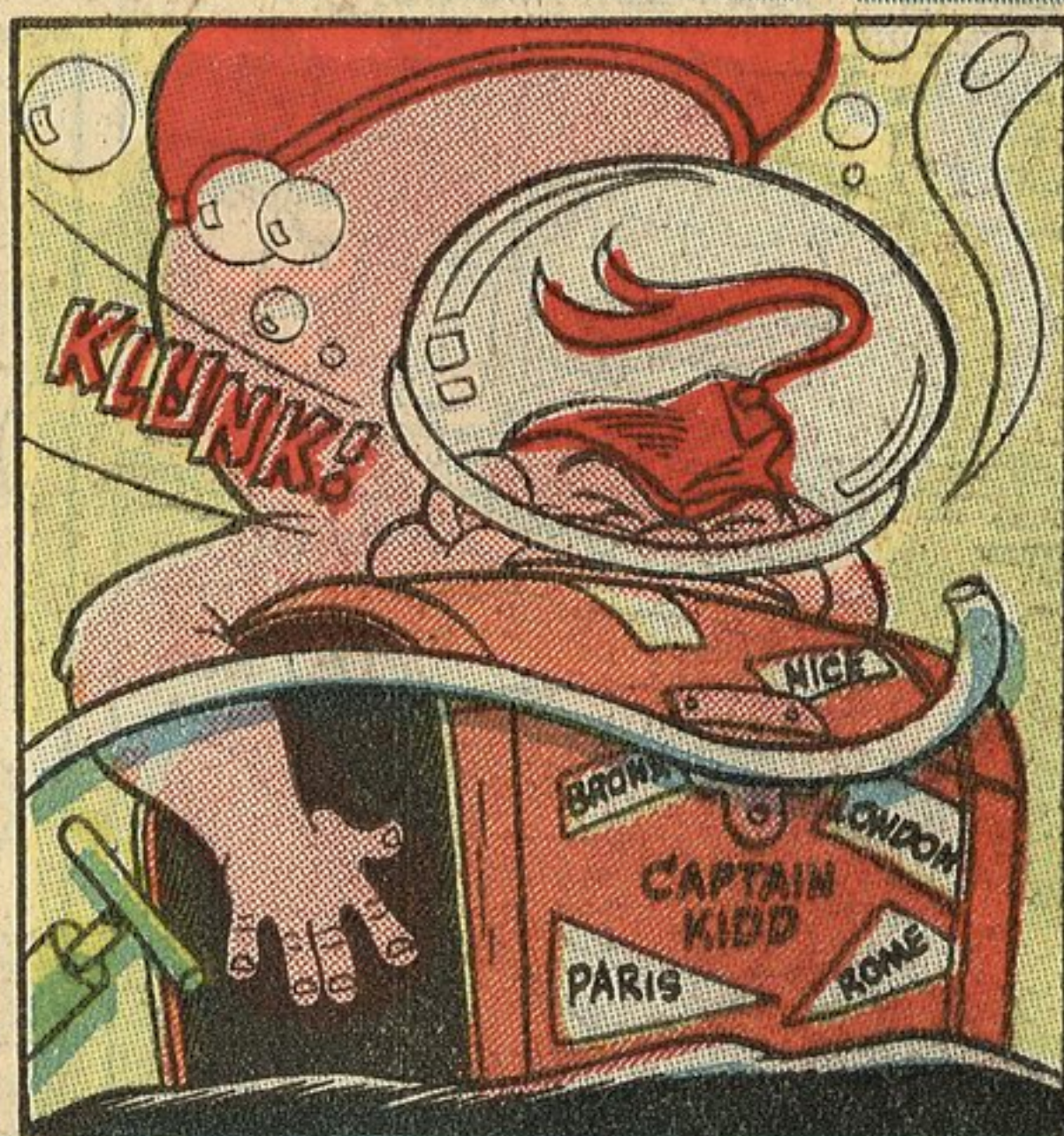
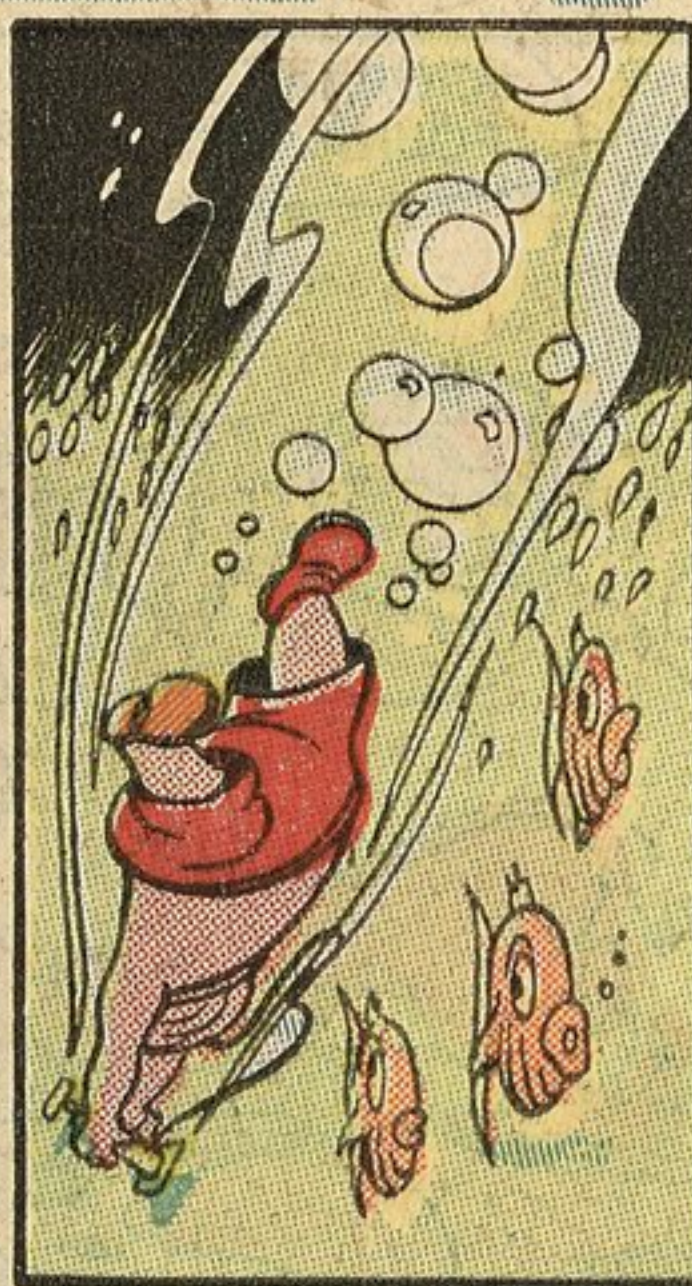
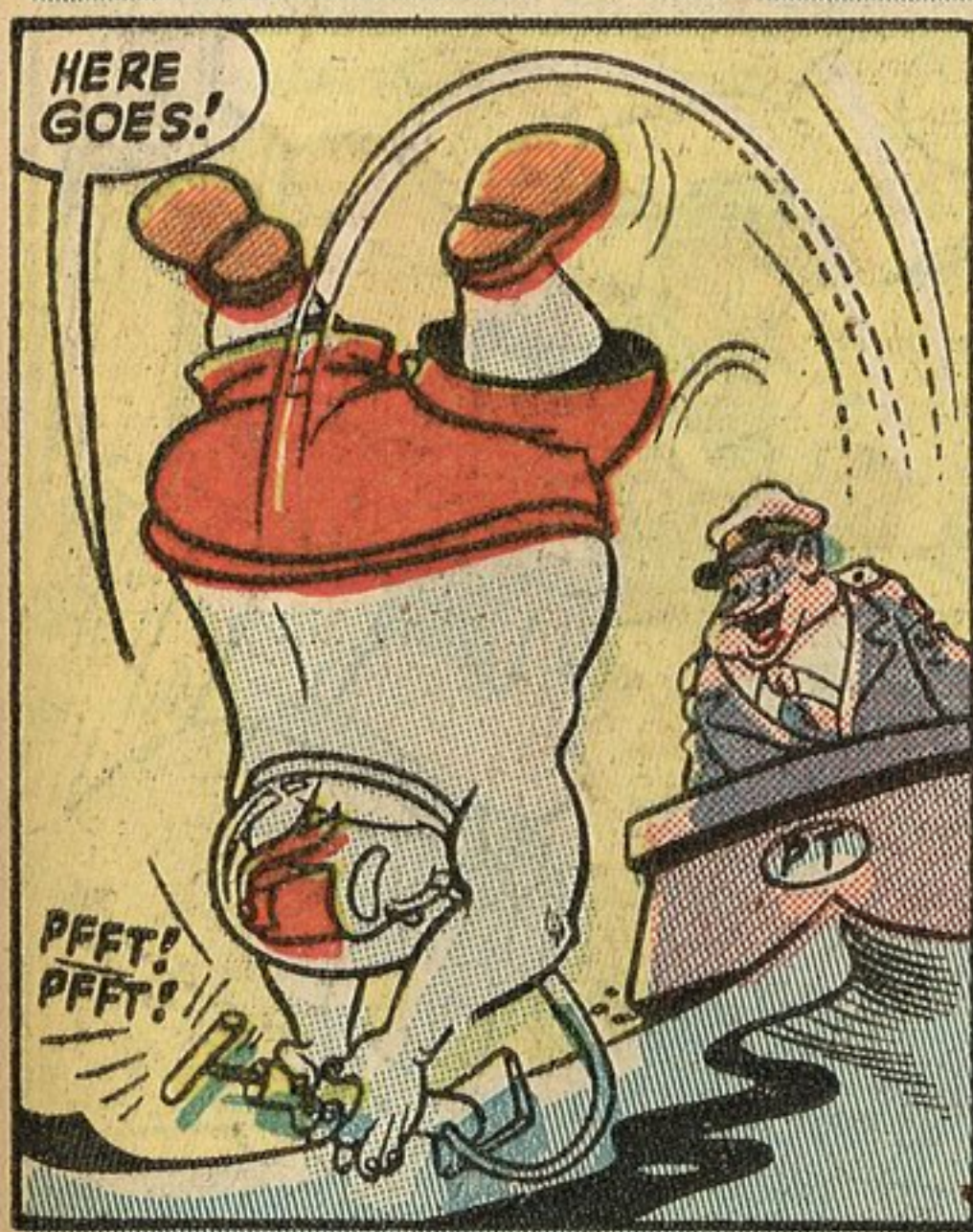
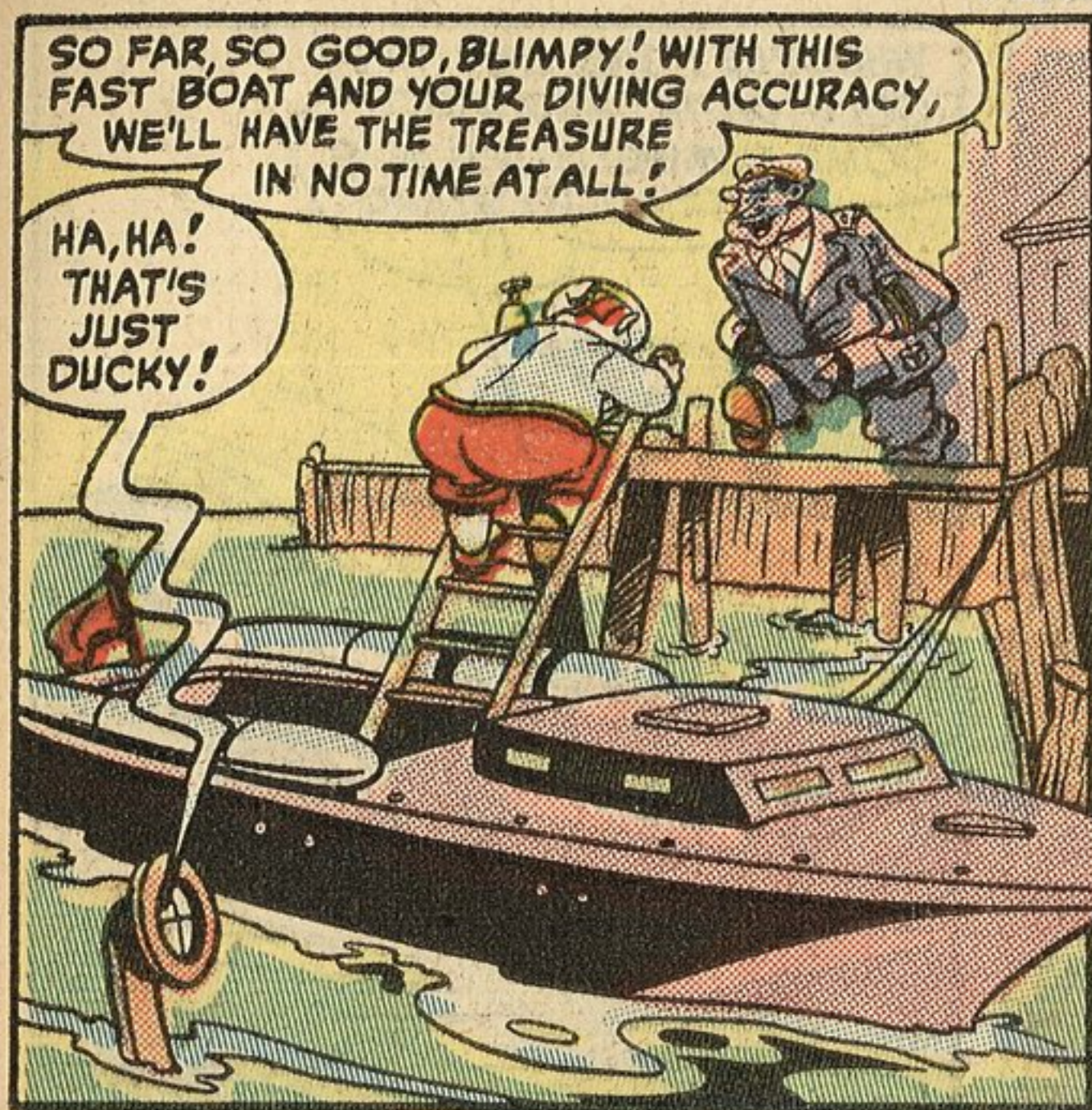




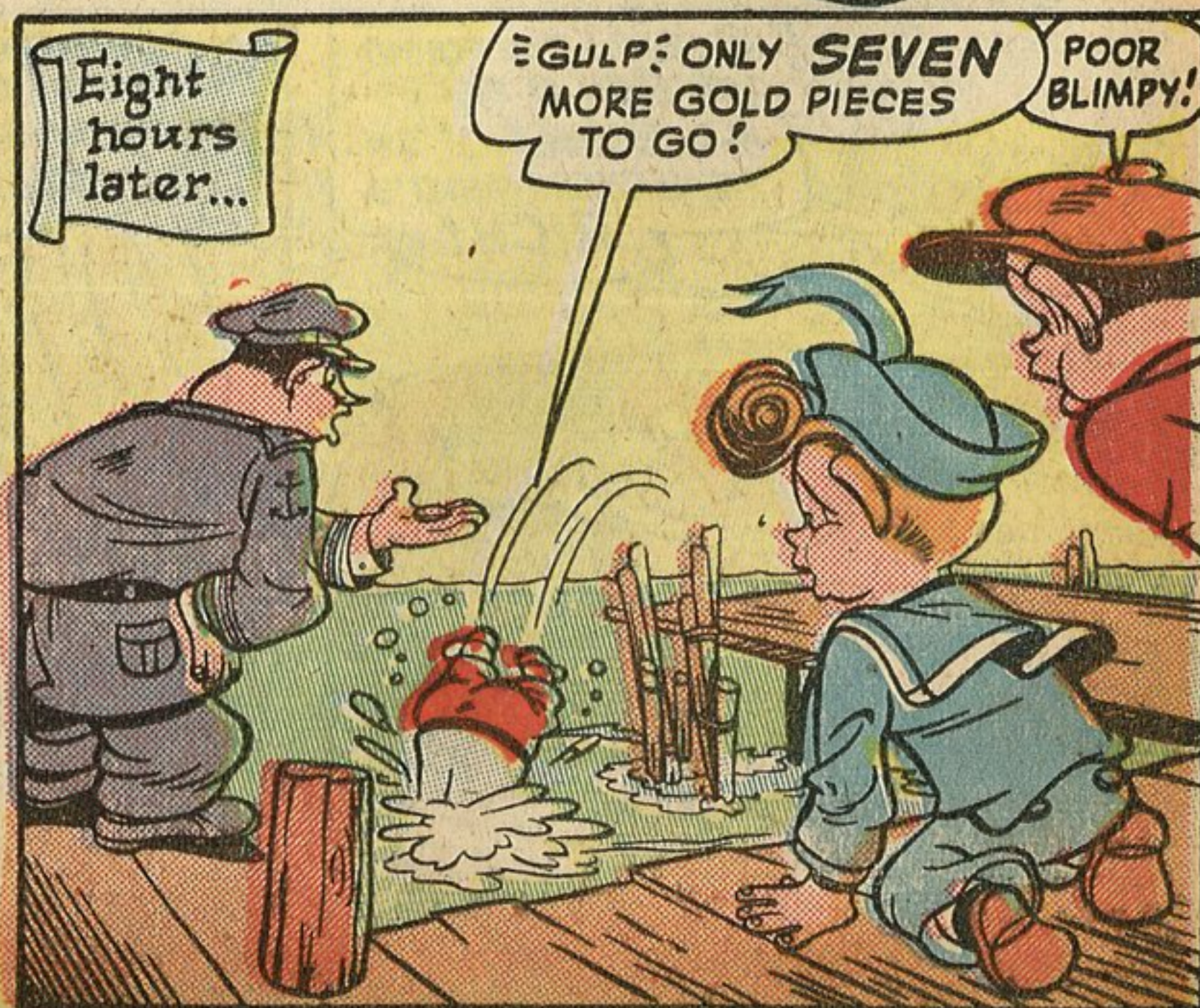
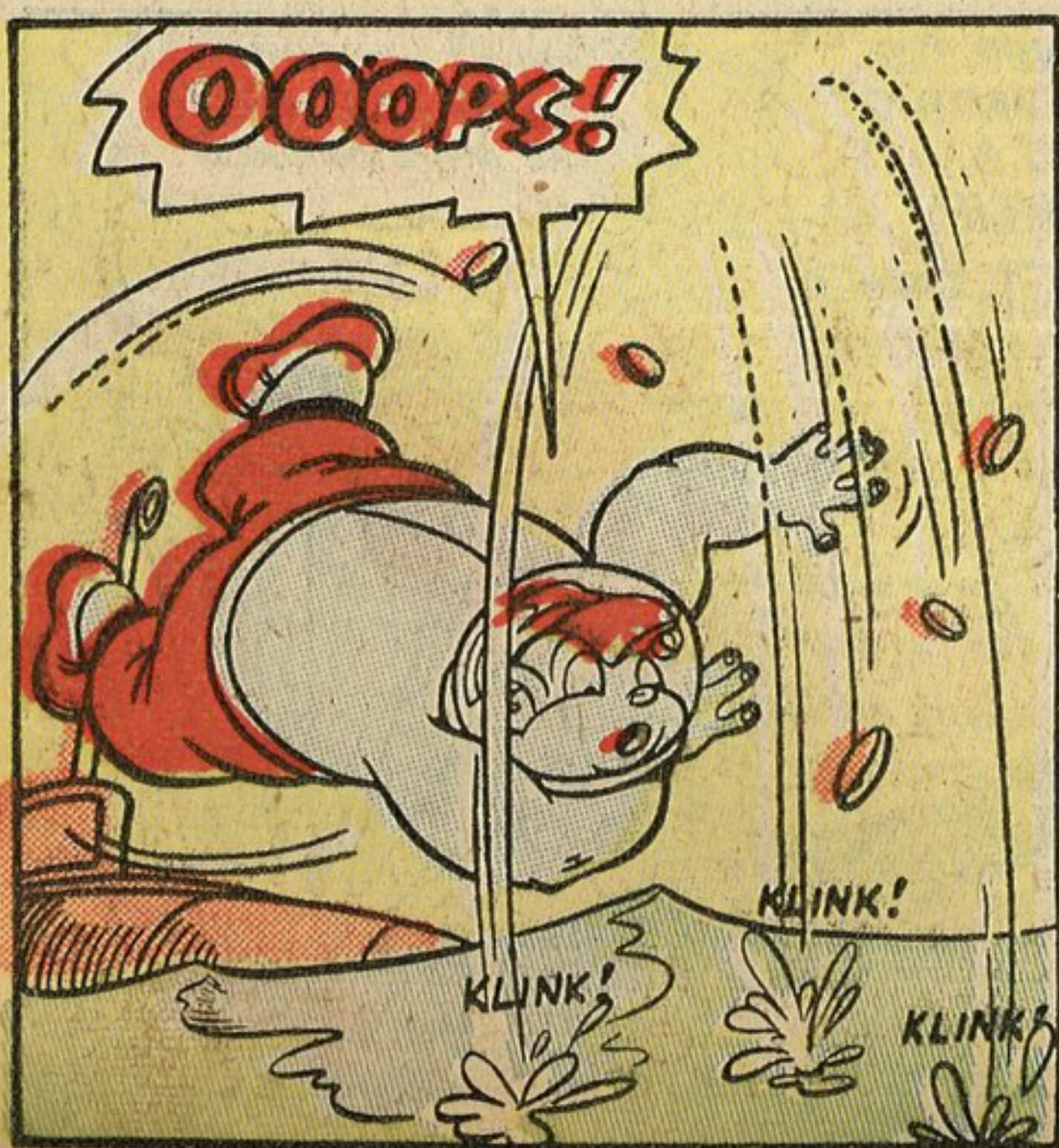
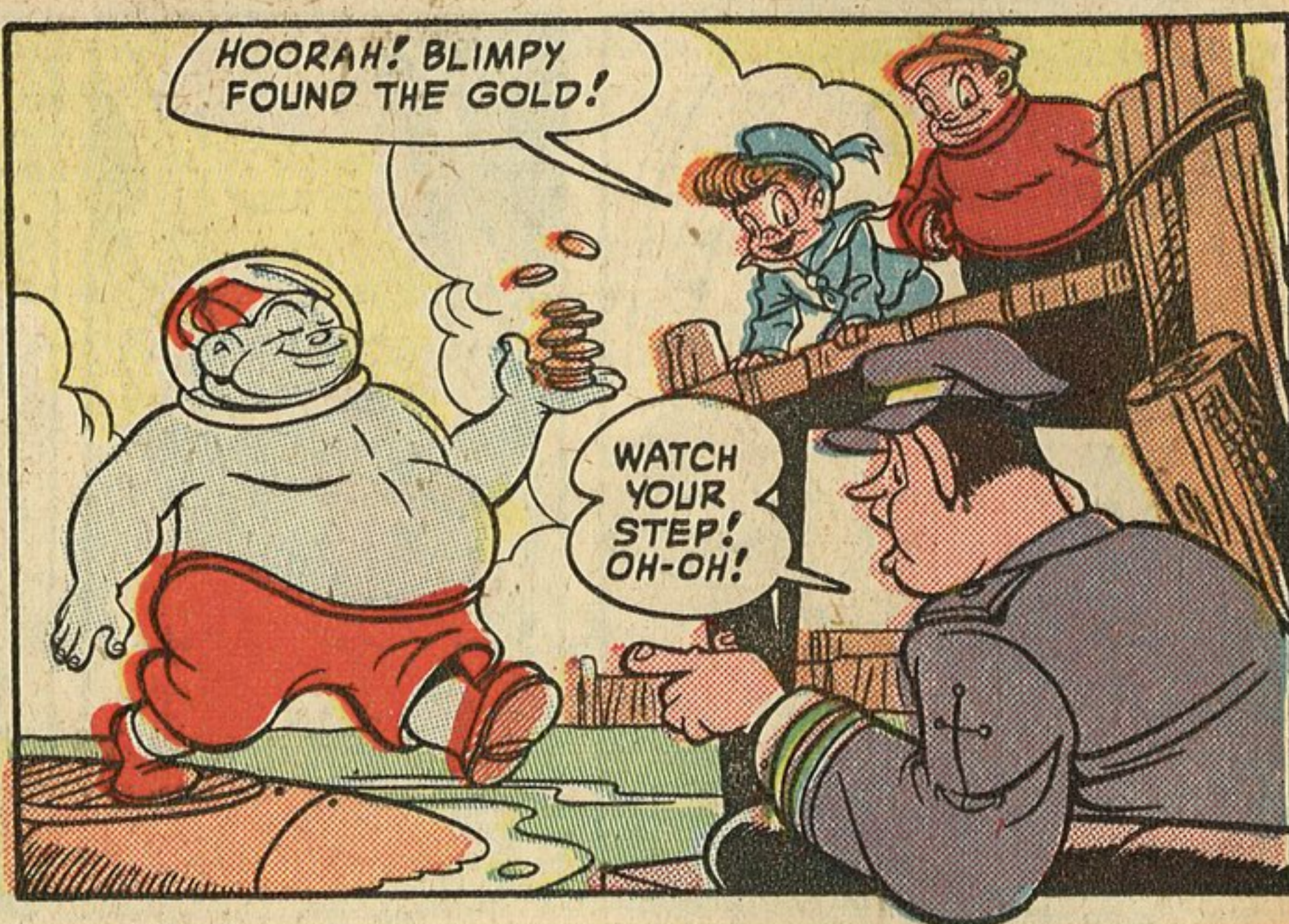
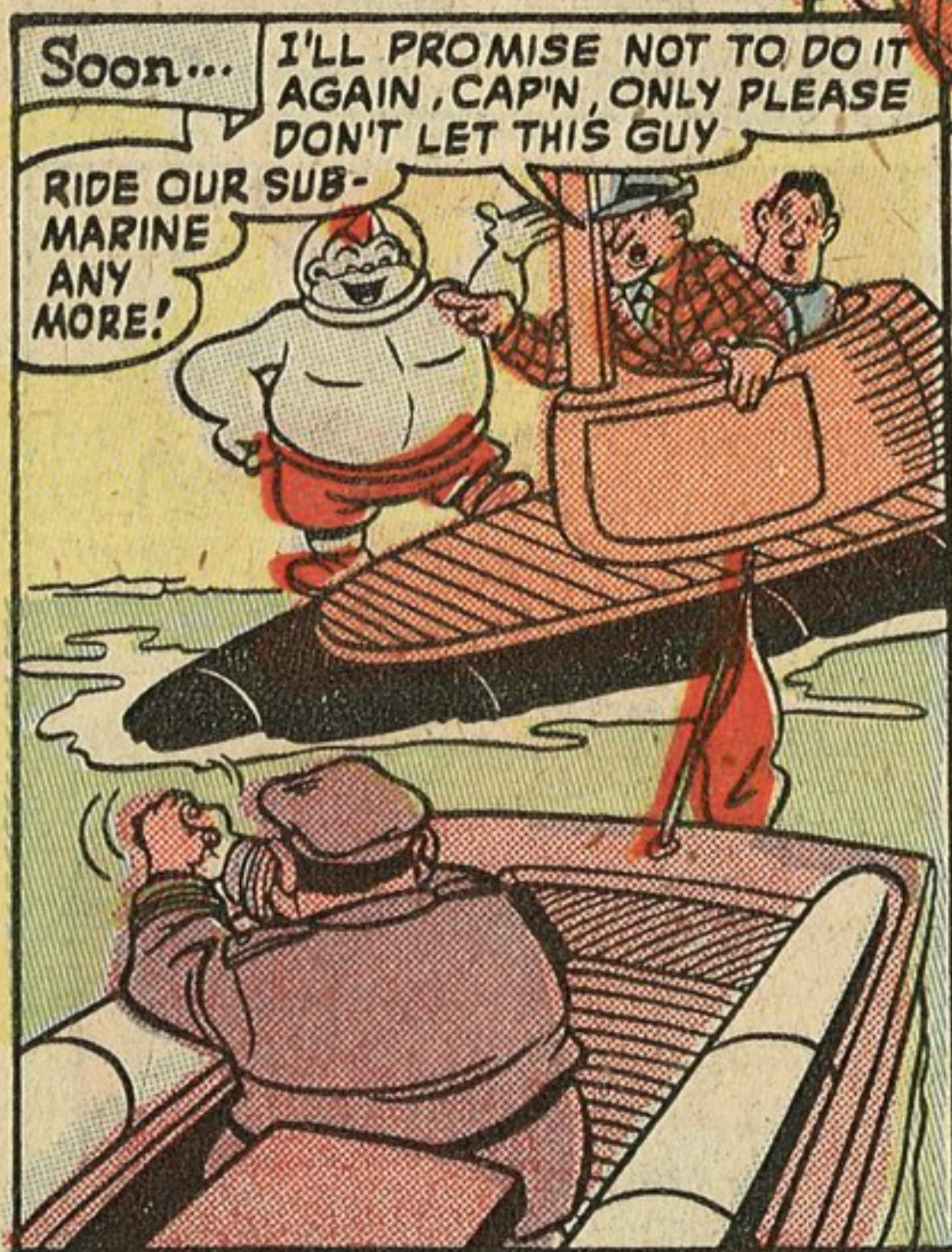
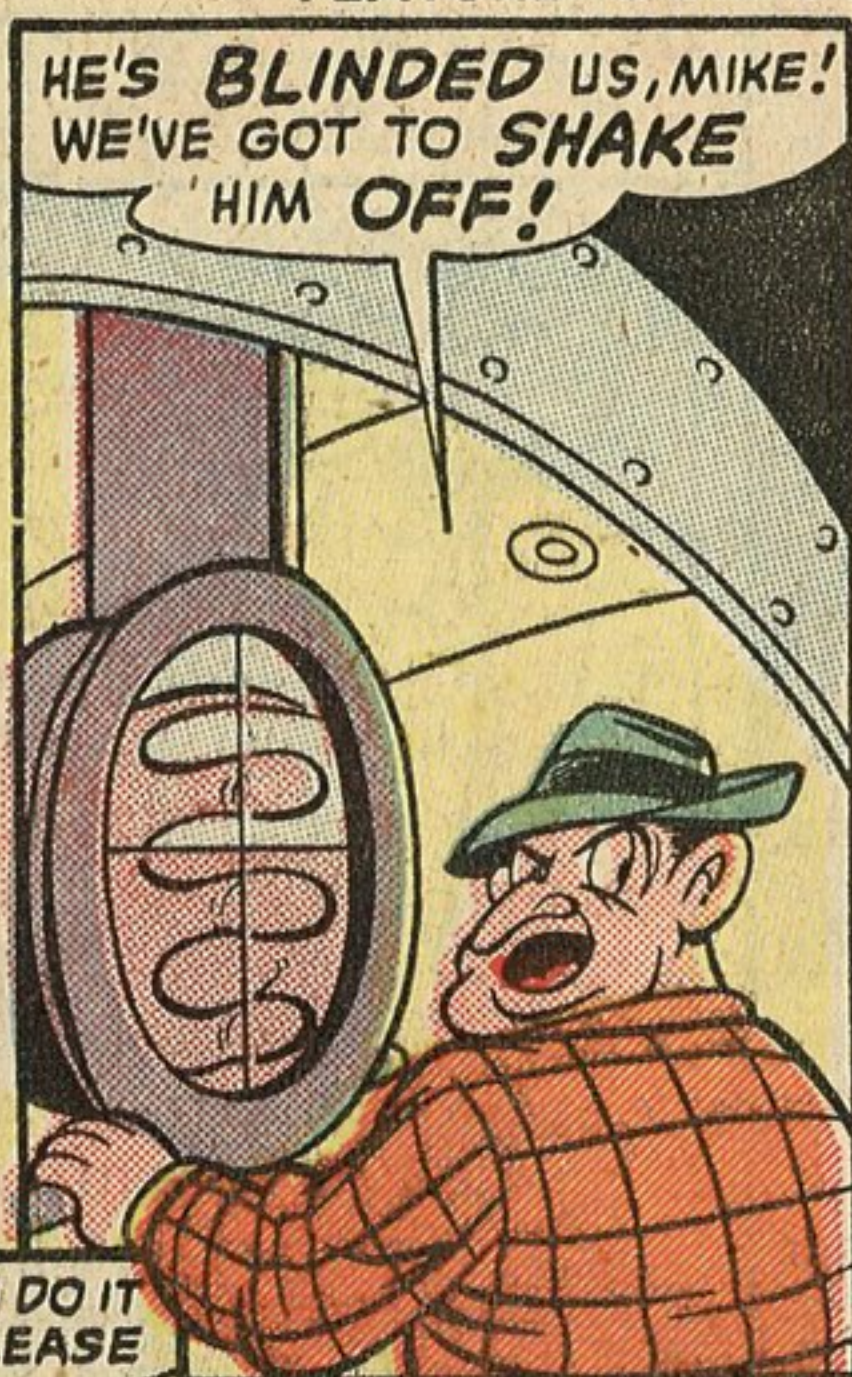
FEATURE COMICS



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The Evil Oath

A TALL, bald man stood leering evilly in the flickering firelight of Mad Marie's one-room shack. "When will it be finished?" he asked in a solemn voice.

"Silence, Undertaker," the old woman croaked, brushing a wisp of grey hair from her hawk-like features. "You must not speak until I have pronounced the evil oath which will bind this waxen image with the soul of him you would destroy."

Kneading the soft wax slowly the crone muttered a weird incantation over the tiny form. Then she slipped on its clothes: a tight-fitting suit of blue and a cape of scarlet.

"There," she cackled, "it is finished. Now your precious Doll Man is in your power; you can do with him as you wish."

"I want it to be a lingering death," the Undertaker said bitterly, "to make up for the many times that little pest has thwarted my schemes. You have been successful for others in the past. See that you do not fail me."

"There is no danger," Marie said harshly. "It will be as you wish. See that this is delivered into his hands," she said, passing him the small box in which she had placed the figure, "but do not touch it yourself or you will break the spell."

"Now pierce it where you will," she added, "and he will suffer as though the thrust were directed into his own body."

Darrel Dane was at Dr. Roberts' home when a messenger delivered a small package addressed to Doll Man.

The doctor smiled as Darrel unwrapped the small box. "Why, it's a figure of Doll Man," he said. "From one of your admirers?"

"Hardly," Darrel said drily. "Look at the note that came with it."

Dr. Roberts took the paper and read: "Three days to live, Doll Man. You cannot escape the Undertaker."

"How horrible," the doctor said, "and look—the figure is pierced through the chest with a large needle."

"Hmm," Darrel muttered, "I don't know what our friend the Undertaker is up to. It seems as if he has gone in for the practice of witchcraft." He picked up the little mannikin from its resting place and turned it idly in his fingers.

Suddenly Darrel's face paled. He clutched at the table for support then slipped quietly to the floor, dropping the image from his now lax fingers.

"Darrel," Dr. Roberts cried, reaching his side.

The stricken man opened pain-clouded eyes. "My chest," he said weakly. "It felt as if someone had stabbed me with an invisible knife. It's gone now."

"I'm no believer in black magic," Darrel said in rising, as the color returning to his face. "That pain was not imaginary."

"We can't be sure," Dr. Roberts said seriously. "Superstitions are buried deep in our subconscious. Things we deny consciously are known to take hold of us in spite of our protestations."

"I won't believe that until all other possibilities have been explored," Darrel replied. "Let's take that devilish article into your laboratory and see how it stands up under tests."

In the laboratory, Darrel donned a pair of rubber gloves and gently withdrew the shining needle from the waxen body. Placing it carefully on a microscopic slide, he adjusted the focus.

"Nothing here, Doctor," he said. "No trace of any foreign matter."

He laid the needle aside and took a tiny sample from the spot where his fingers had dented the soft wax. "I'll run a spectroscopic analysis on this," he said, placing the wax on a glass slide and adjusting the prismatic viewer. "It might turn up a trace of poison."

Later Darrel removed his gloves, a puzzled frown on his face. "I'm stumped," he admitted.

"The next move is up to the Undertaker," he continued. "I don't think he meant this doll to kill me, or I'd be dead right now."

The following day Darrel waited impatiently at Dr. Roberts' home until the messenger arrived with the same kind of package he had brought the day before. Darrel unwrapped this one more carefully, wearing protective gloves while he examined it minutely for any means whereby a poison could be administered.

Finding nothing, he discovered a note buried in the excelsior at the bottom of the box. "Tomorrow your suffering will be at an end," it read.

"We'll see about that," Darrel said to himself. "The Undertaker is letting his egotism run away with him."

He took the second doll, which was pierced through the head by a needle, into Dr. Roberts' laboratory. As he entered the Doctor looked up anxiously from his work. "A second package, eh?" he remarked.

"Right on schedule," Darrel said wryly. "Frankly, I was expecting it."

Bit by bit he carefully dissected the wax image until nothing was left but the clothes. Then he painstakingly analyzed every shred of the material.

He worked well into the evening before he received the indication for which he was searching. After that he worked more surely, and, after another hour, he pushed aside the chemical equipment.

"I have some calls to make, Dr. Roberts," he called. "Thanks for the use of your lab. I believe I've found out as much as I can here. The rest I'll know in a little while, if I'm lucky."

Not far from the Roberts' home Darrel stepped into a dark alleyway and exerted his tremendous will to become the dynamic Doll Man.

"I'll be less conspicuous this way," he thought. "The places I have to visit are closed now but I have to get that information before the undertaker sends me his final doll."

First Doll Man sped to the warehouse of the city's largest drug importers. "The stuff I'm tracing," he thought, "would ordinarily come through them."

It was close to midnight when Doll Man, weary from his exertions in the warehouse, made his way up a narrow, twisting path to a dismal house beyond a thick stand of trees. He slipped through the head-high weeds growing on the lawn, around to the back of the place, and paused for a moment to look down on the murky waters of a lake.

"Devil's Lake is a good setting for this kind of business," he thought as he mounted the rotting steps to the back porch of the house.

He eased the flimsy door open a crack and slipped into the dim interior.

Mad Marie sat before the fire, mouthing the strange words of her evil oath which was to cause Doll Man's death. The Undertaker stood facing her.

"Here you are, Undertaker," she said finally, holding out a small box. "This is the death doll. When Doll Man receives this, he will die."

"I wouldn't be so sure," Doll Man said,

leaping up to strike the box, spilling its contents on the floor.

"Doll man!" the Undertaker cried, "you should be dying right now!"

"Sorry to disappoint you," the little man said, catching the tall man on the chin with a stinging blow. "I never felt better. Don't you agree," he asked, landing another smash to the Undertaker's chin.

"Blast you, Doll Man," the Undertaker snarled. He drew a knife as he staggered against the wall. "If Marie's magic won't stop you, this will." He threw the knife straight at Doll Man, who tried to sidestep it. But the blade caught the little man's red cape, slamming him back and pinning him to the wall.

While the miraculous mite struggled to free himself, the Undertaker made for the door. Old Marie hobbled over to him, clutching at his sleeve. "Take me with you," she begged in a croaking voice. "I'll go to jail if you don't."

"Out of my way, you hold hag," the Undertaker snarled, throwing her back. In a split second he disappeared into the darkness. Doll Man ripped his cape free and pursued the fleeing criminal. He was halfway to the lake when he heard the powerful cough of a speedboat motor. Then he saw the luminous wake of the boat as it sped over the water.

"Some day," Doll Man thought angrily, "I'll get the Undertaker in a spot where he won't escape."

Back at the shack Doll Man found Marie huddled on the floor. He turned her over and saw the wax doll she had made, pressed against her withered cheek.

"By checking the sales records of the drug company," Darrel explained to Dr. Roberts later, "I was able to trace the poisons Marie used, also her address."

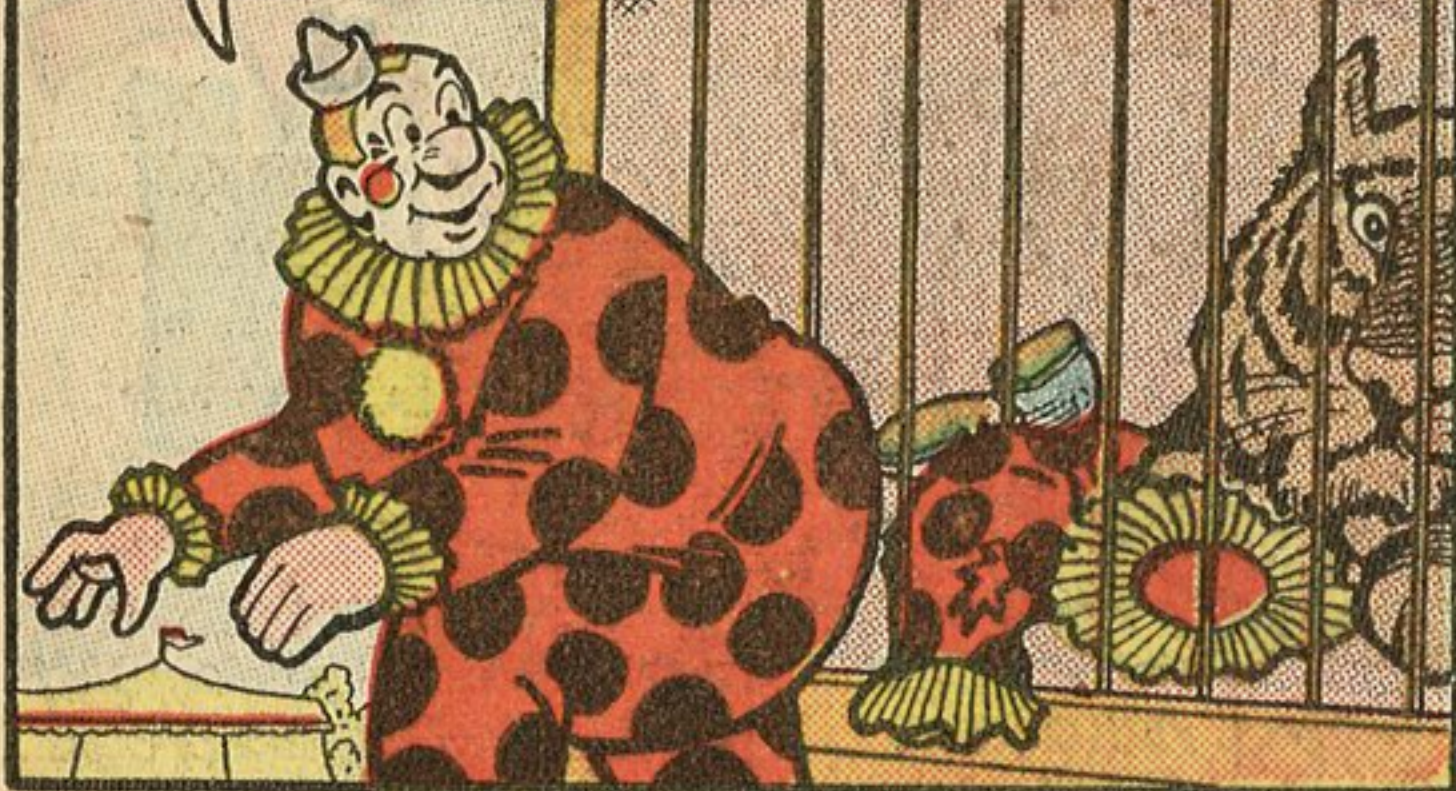
"The wax images and the evil oaths merely served to dupe superstitious people who believed she was really a witch. Actually she placed a few tiny cactus-like spines in the clothing of the various images. When the victim handled any one of them, the poisoned spines made contact with the skin, something which would ordinarily go unnoticed. Each of her poisons worked on a specific part of the body, but her customers would obviously think it was the large, metal needle which was doing the work."

"Justice finally caught up with her," Dr. Roberts said, "in the form of one of her own death dolls."

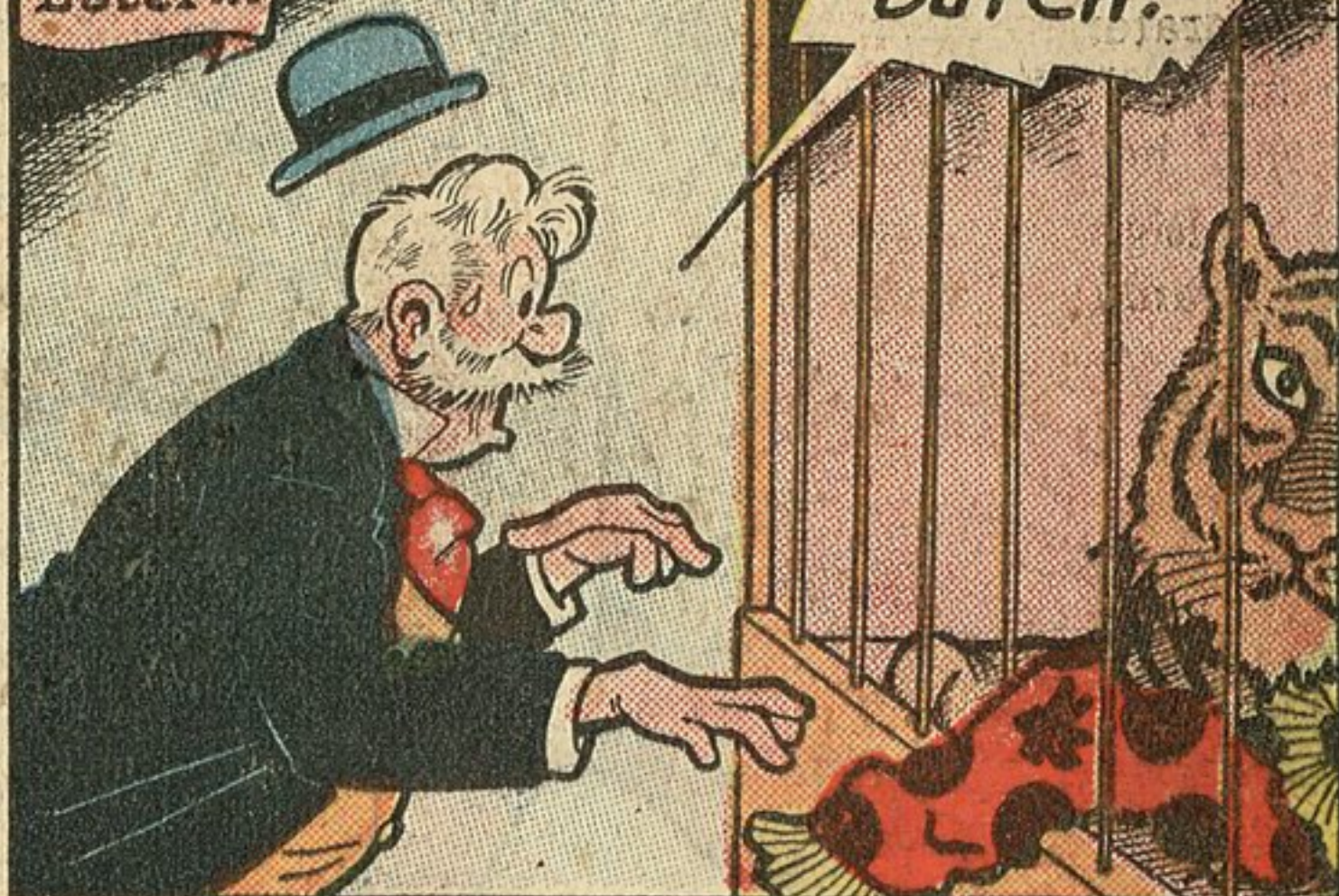
"And justice will catch up with the Undertaker one of these days," replied Darrel, jutting out his jaw.

BIG TOP

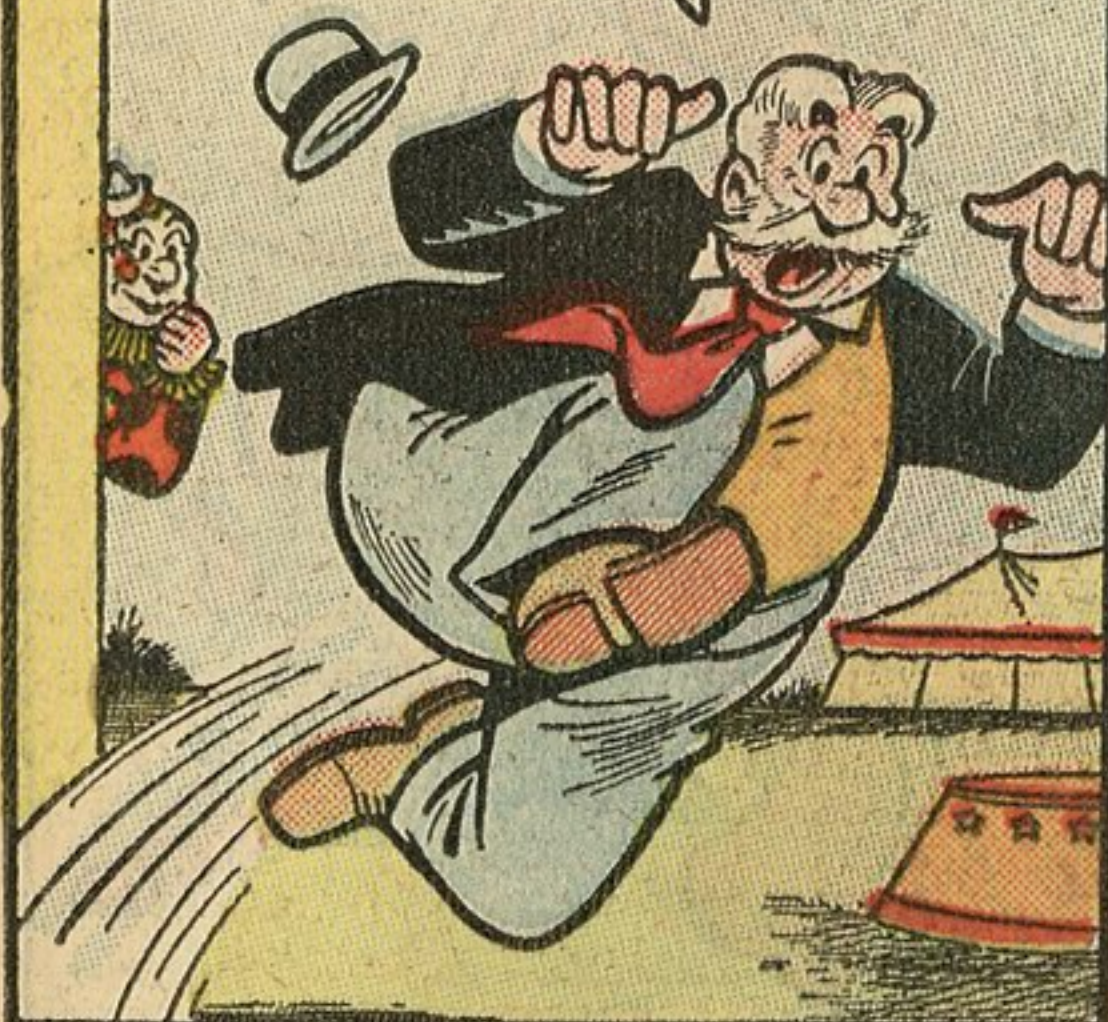
HO! HO! THIS'LL BE GOOD! I LEFT A PARTLY TORN OLD CLOWN COSTUME OF MINE IN THE TIGER CAGE SO THE BOSS WILL THINK HE'S EATEN ME!



Later...



WHAT A TRAGEDY! A PHONE! LET ME GET TO A PHONE QUICK!



AW, GEE... MAYBE I WENT TOO FAR... I REALLY CAN'T SEE THE BOSS SUFFER LIKE THIS!



HELLO, DAILY BUGLE! YEP! IT'S TRUE, EVERY WORD I TELL YOU! BANGS' BIG TOP CIRCUS HAS A MAN-EATING TIGER! A REAL ONE!



WHO'D HE EAT? OH, NO MATTER... SOME FAT CLOWN... BUT THE MAIN THING IS WE GOT A REAL MAN-EATER ATTRACTION! WOW!

YEP, YOU GOT A MAN-EATER, ALL RIGHT...



BUT I AIN'T THE MAN HE'S GONNA EAT!

HELP!



Rusty RYAN



PIERPONT,
A MAN CAN
FIND REAL
PEACE IN THE
DESERT!

YO'ALL DONE
SAID IT, ALABABA!
MISTAH RUSTY
CAN'T ACCUSE
US O'GETTIN'
INTO TROUBLE
HERE!

Rusty Ryan, world adventurer, runs
into plenty of trouble, frequently
caused by his well-meaning friends,
Alababa and Pierpont Lee!



BONES,
DO YO'
STUFF FO'
PAPA!

YOU
WIN,
PIERPONT!



HELP! I'VE
LOST MY
SHIRT!

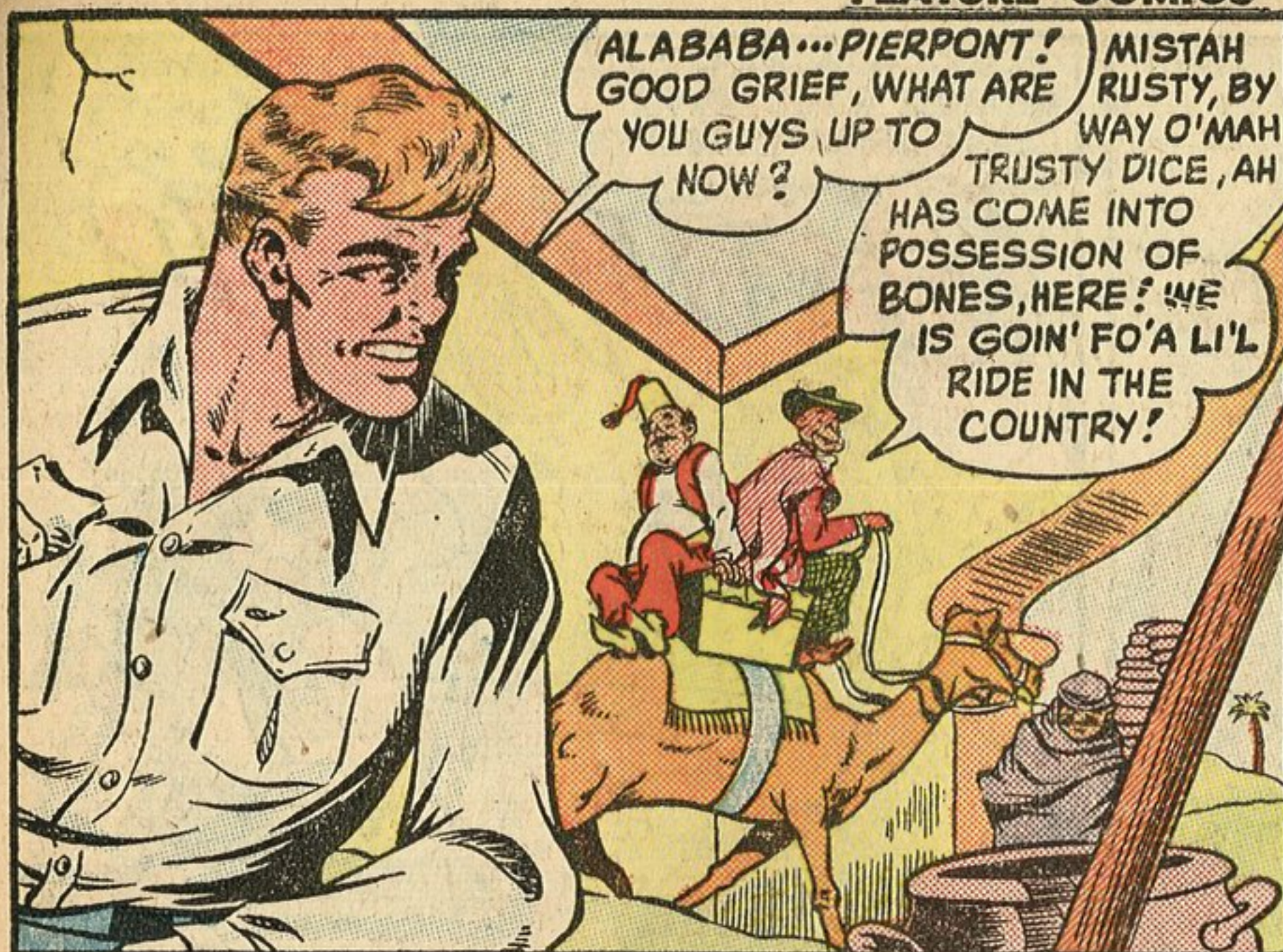
ALABABA, WE
IS NOW
EQUIPPED TO
MAKE A SIGHT-
SEEIN' TOUR OF
THEM THERE
PYRAMIDS!



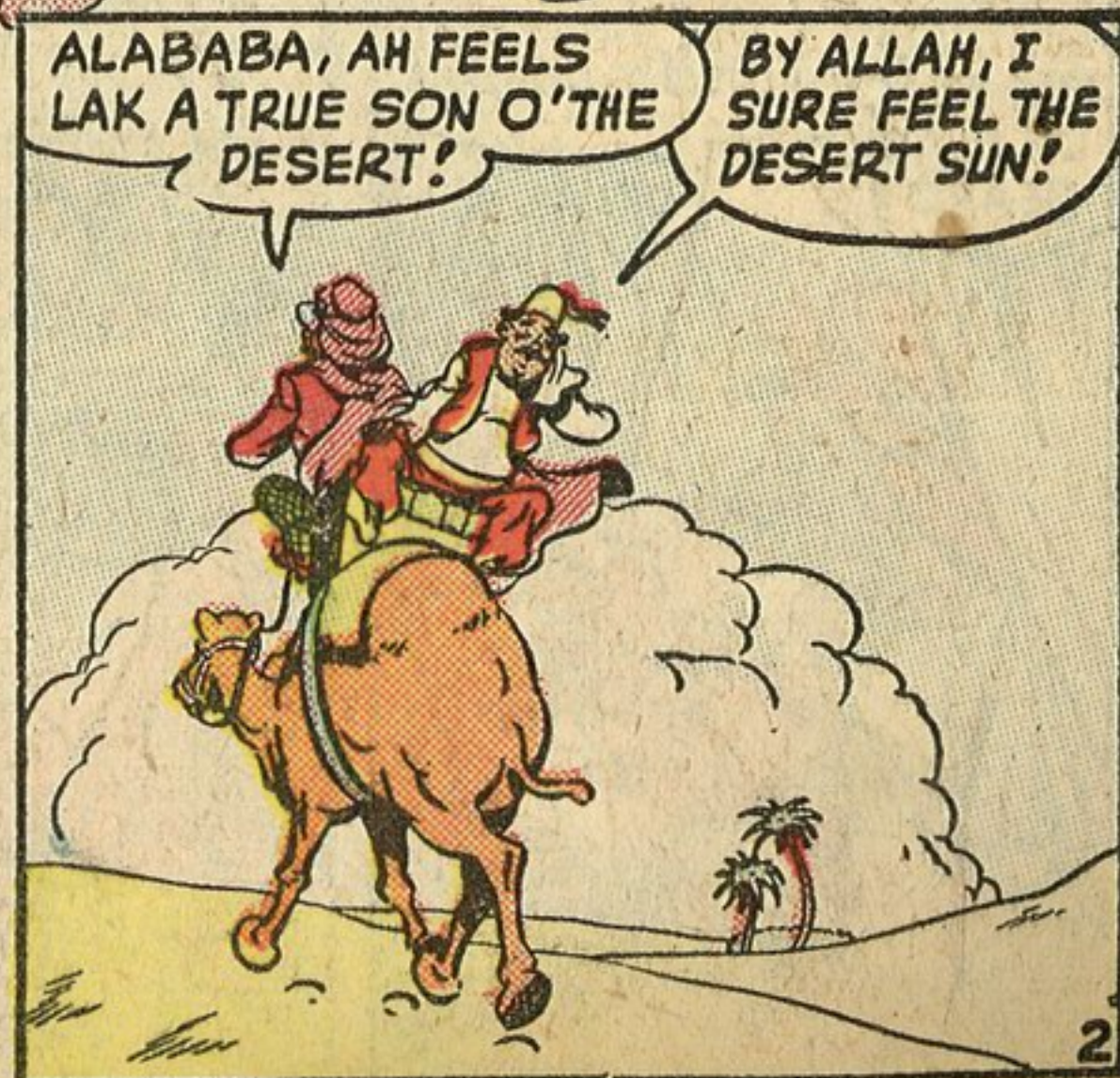
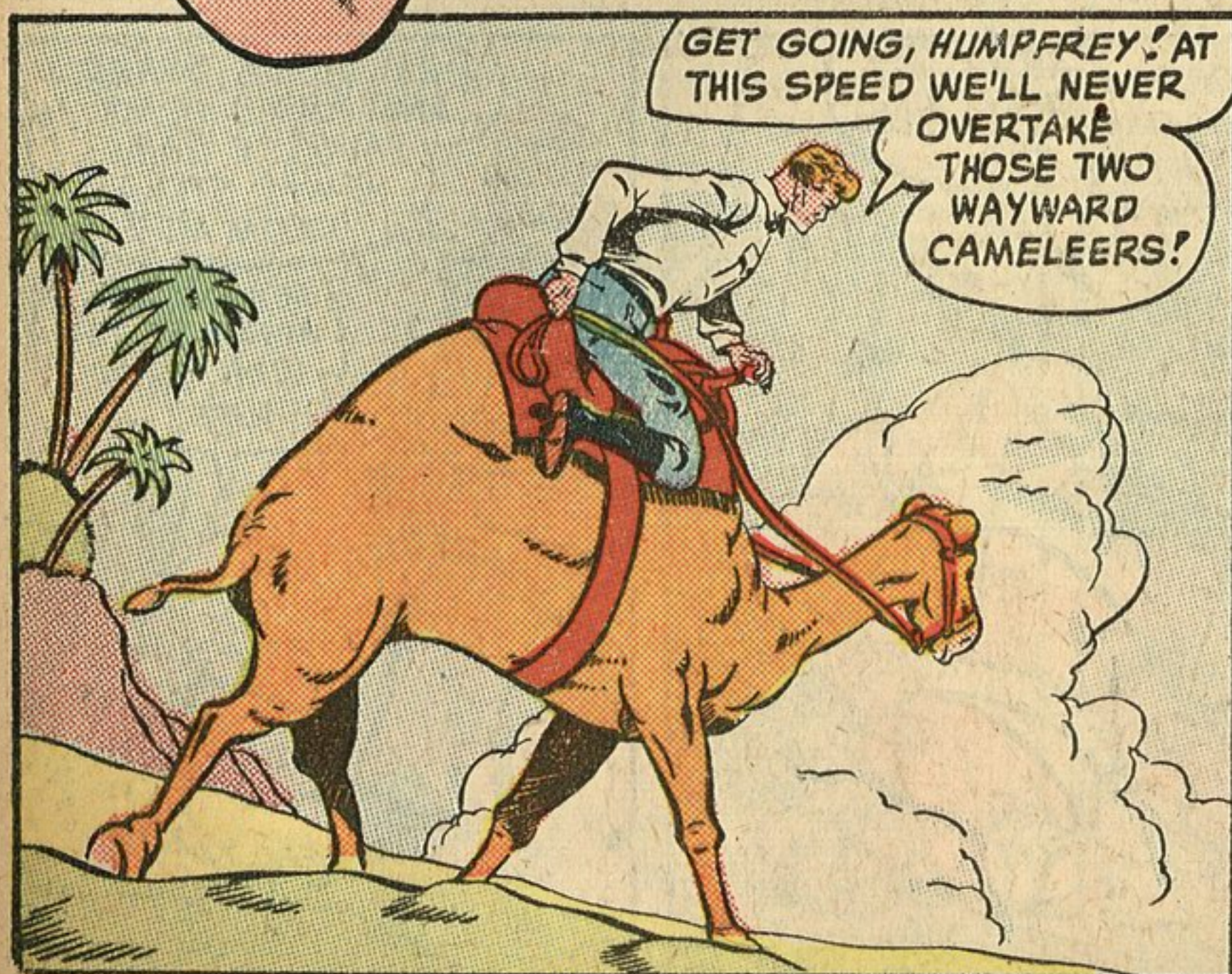
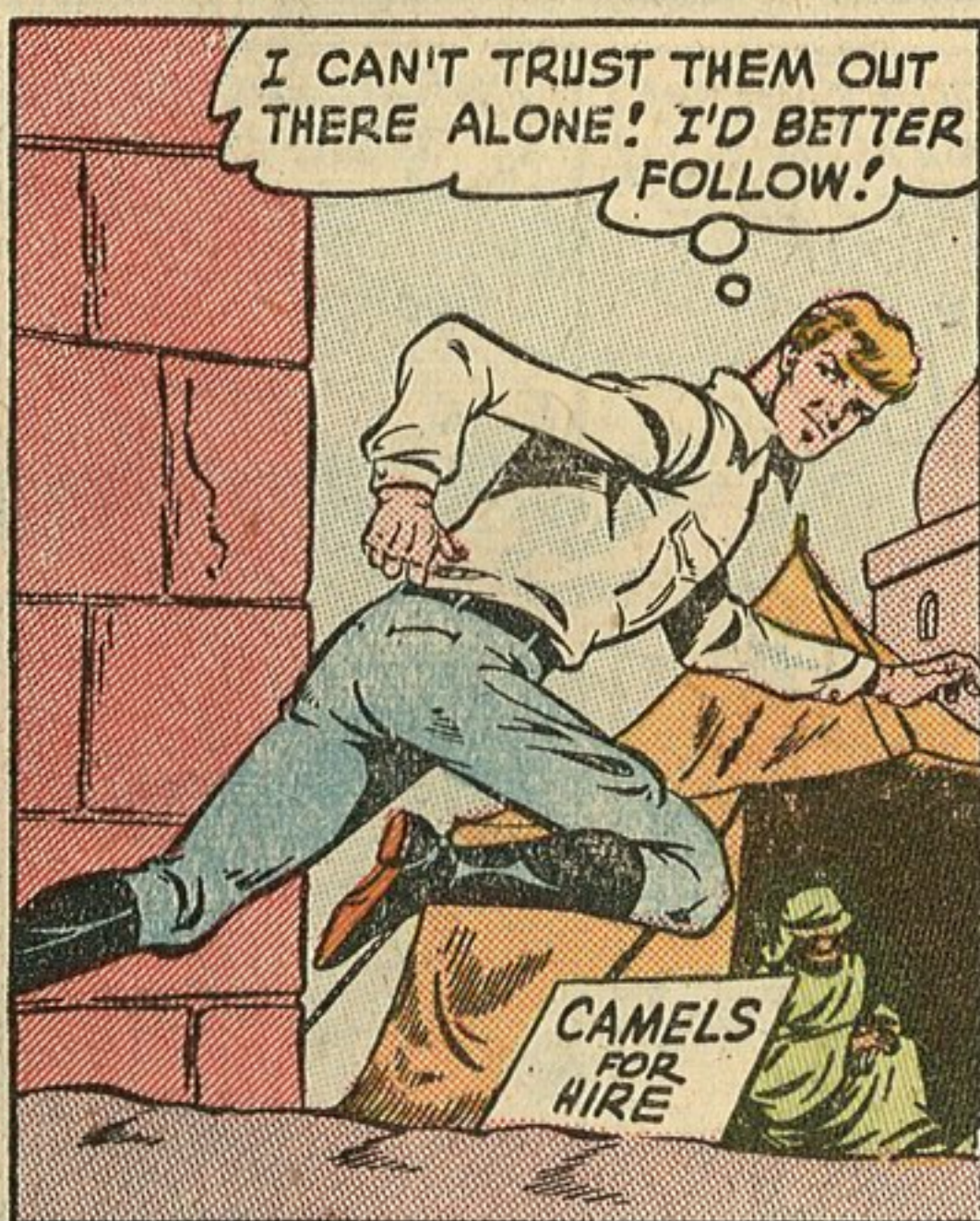
PIERPONT, MY
FRIEND, THAT'S
A FINE CAMEL!
WHAT WILL YOU
CALL HIM?

CONSIDERIN'
HOW AH DONE
GOT HIM, AH'LL
NAME HIM
BONES!

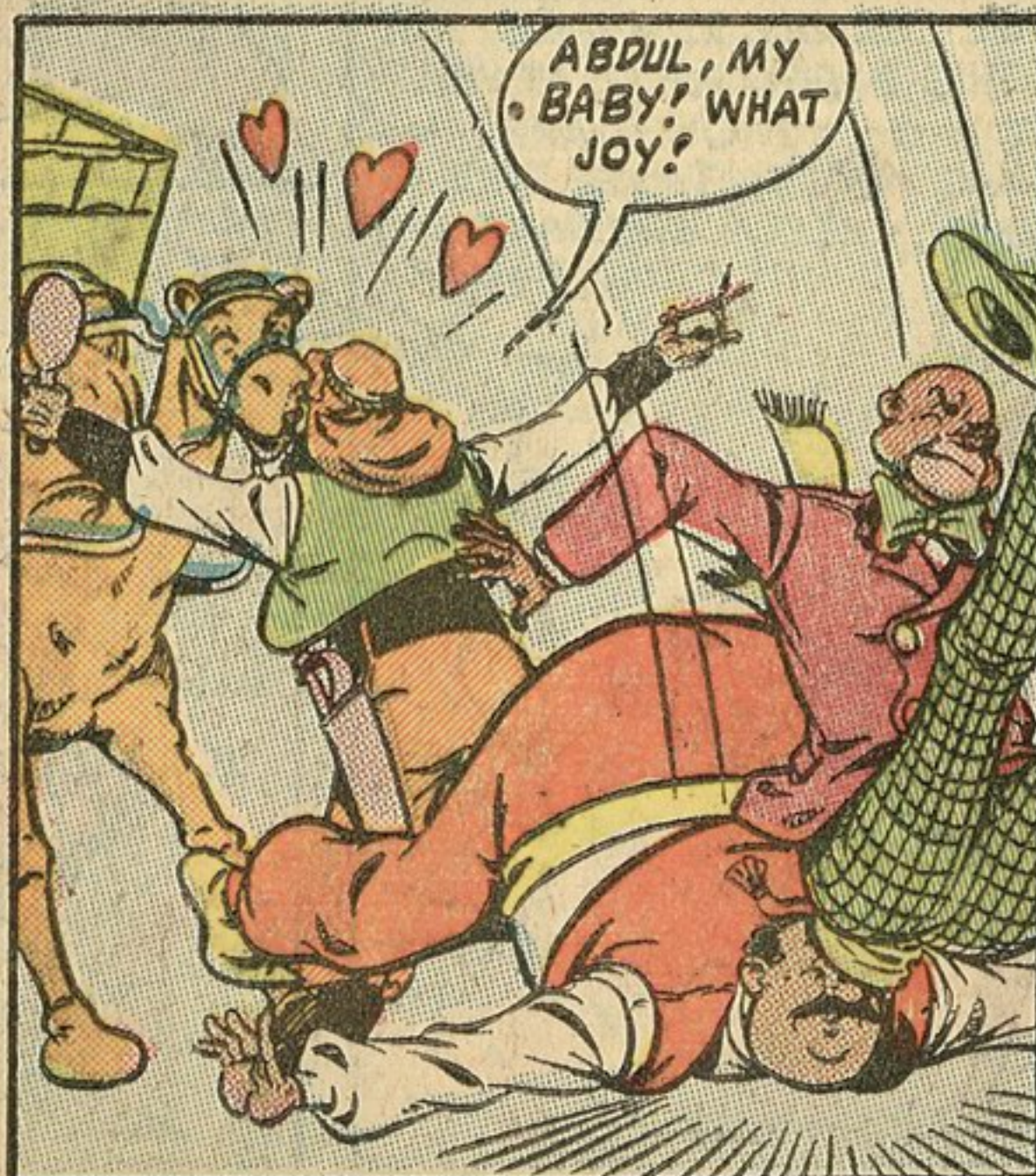
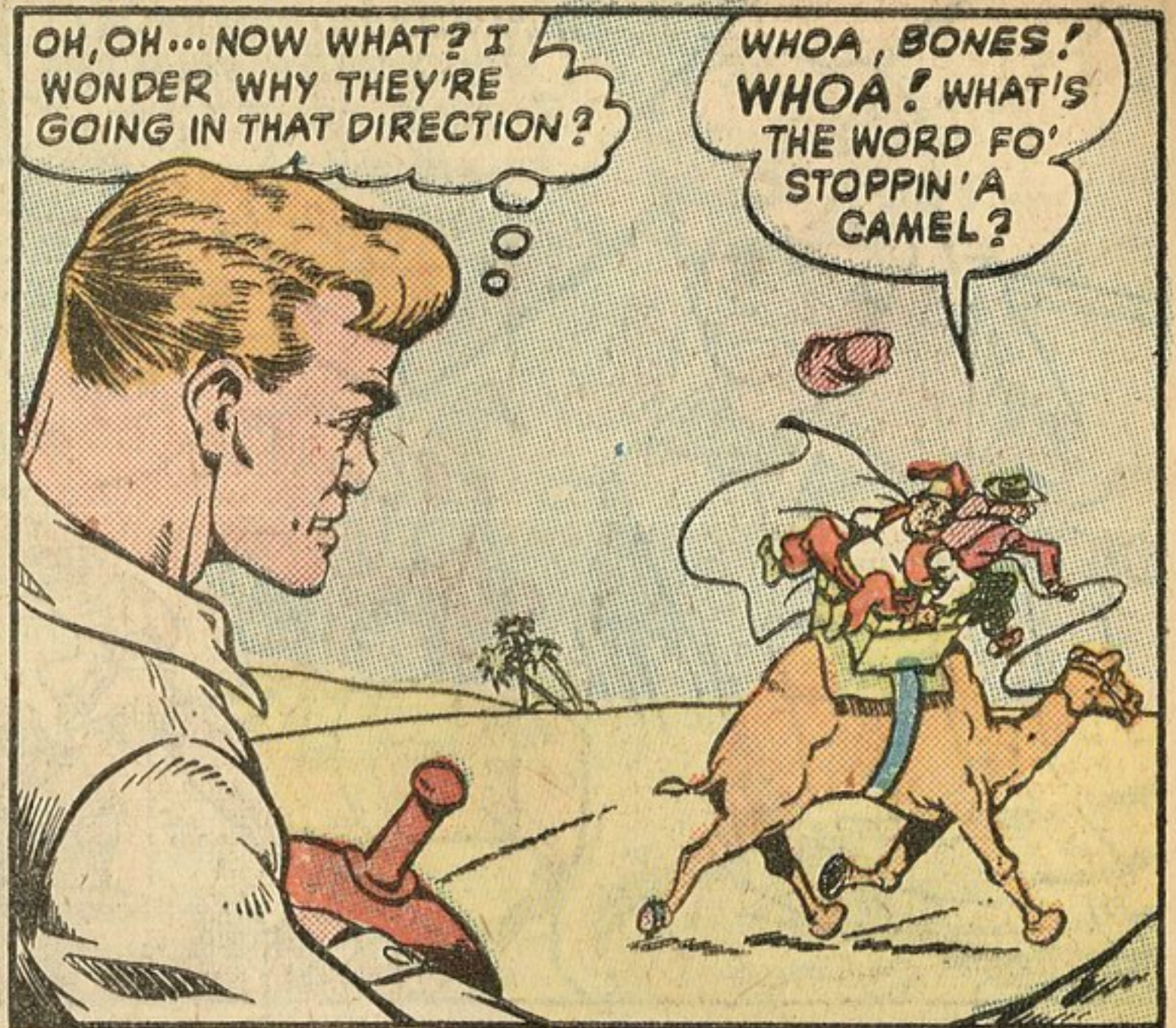
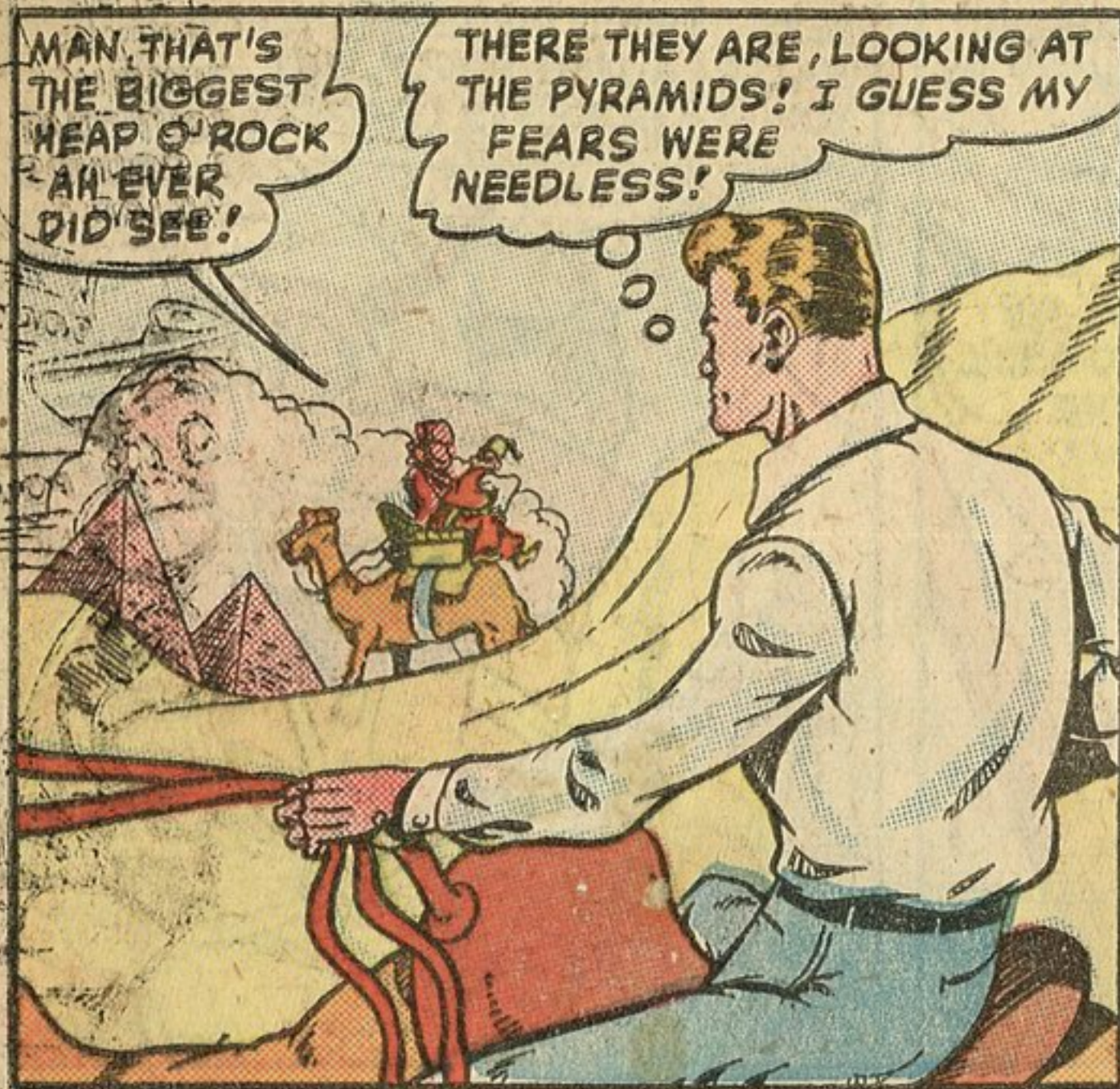
FEATURE COMICS



THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE DESERT! I WONDER IF THEY REALIZE HOW EASILY THEY COULD GET LOST!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



THE LAW OF THE DESERT DEALS HARSHLY WITH THIEVES!



THIEVES? DOES YO' ALL THINK WE DONE HEISTED BONES? WHY, AH...

GUARDS, TIE THEM UP! THEY SHALL BE DEALT WITH LATER!



BAH! HE SHOULD THANK US FOR SUFFERING TO RIDE HIS BLASTED CAMEL HERE!

LISTEN! THEY'S SUMPIN' ABOUT THAT NOISE SOUNDS FAMILIAR!



IT'S MISTAH RUSTY!

BY ALLAH, I DON'T SEE HOW HE GOT HERE, BUT I'M OVERJOYED TO SEE HIM!



PROBABLY ANOTHER CAMEL THIEF! TIE HIM WITH THE OTHERS, WHILE I REPORT TO BLACK BEARD!

THIEF! WHY, YOU...



WELL, I HOPE YOU TWO HAVE HAD YOUR FILL OF THE DESERT! HERE WE ARE, WITHOUT EVEN A WEAPON!

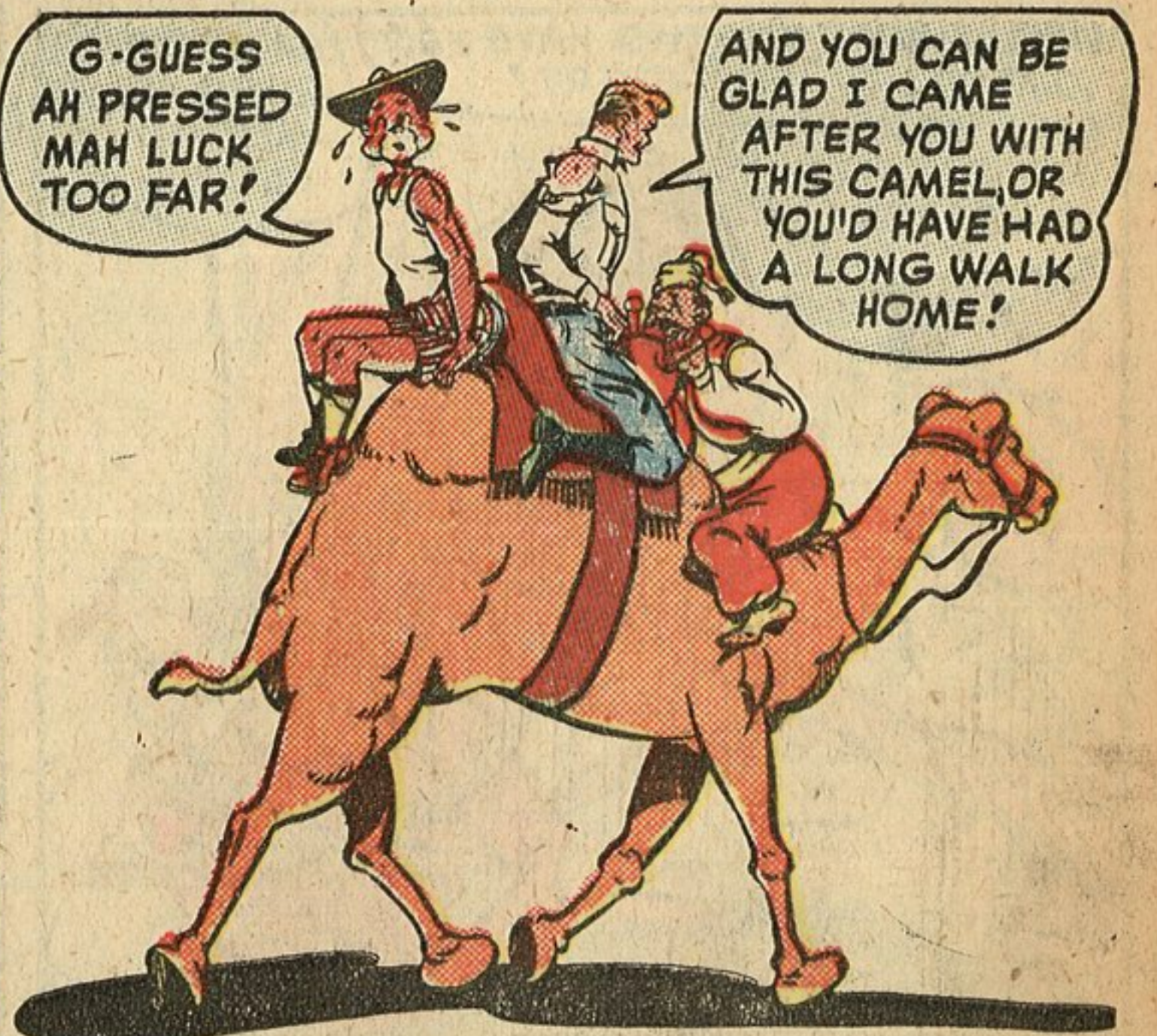
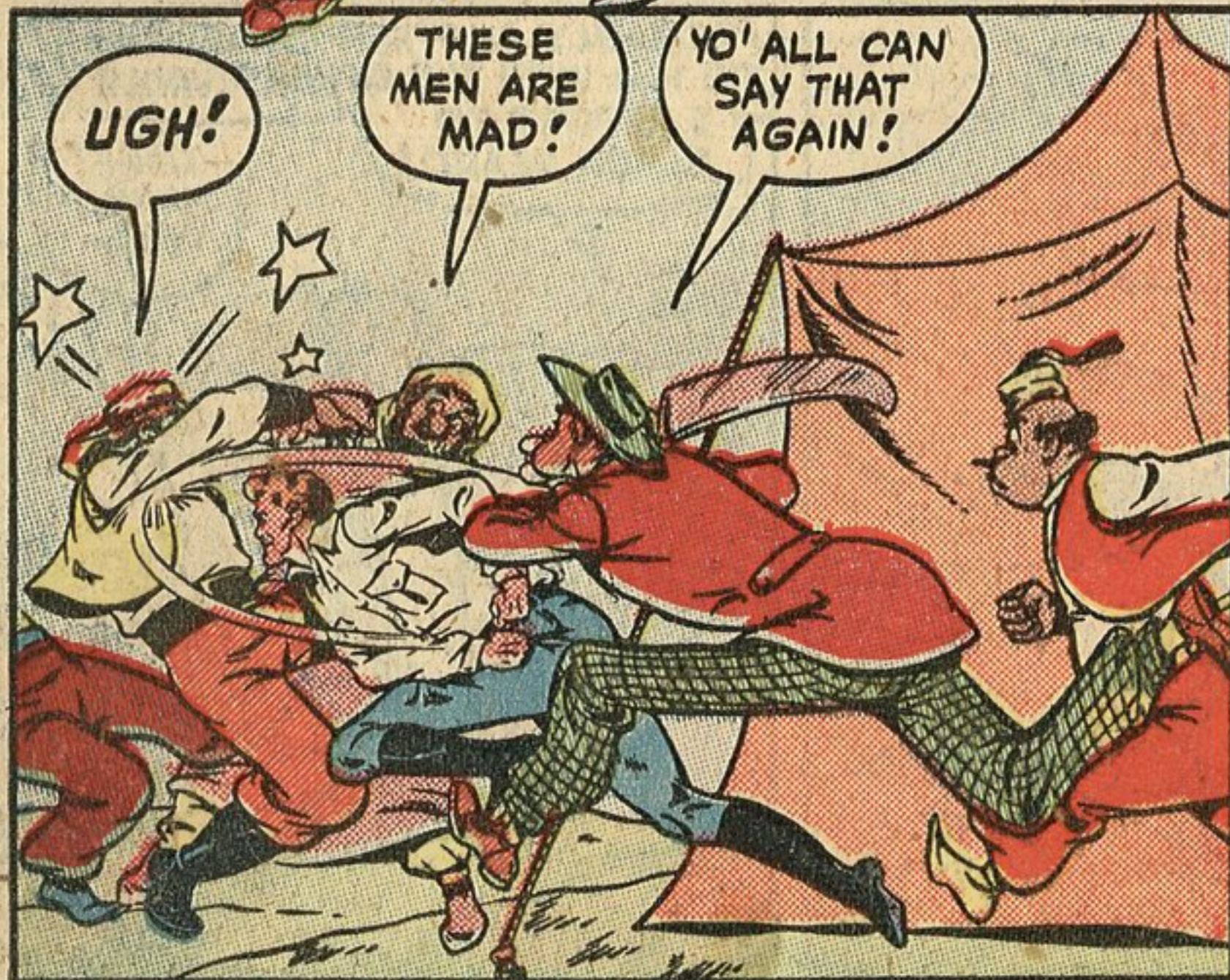
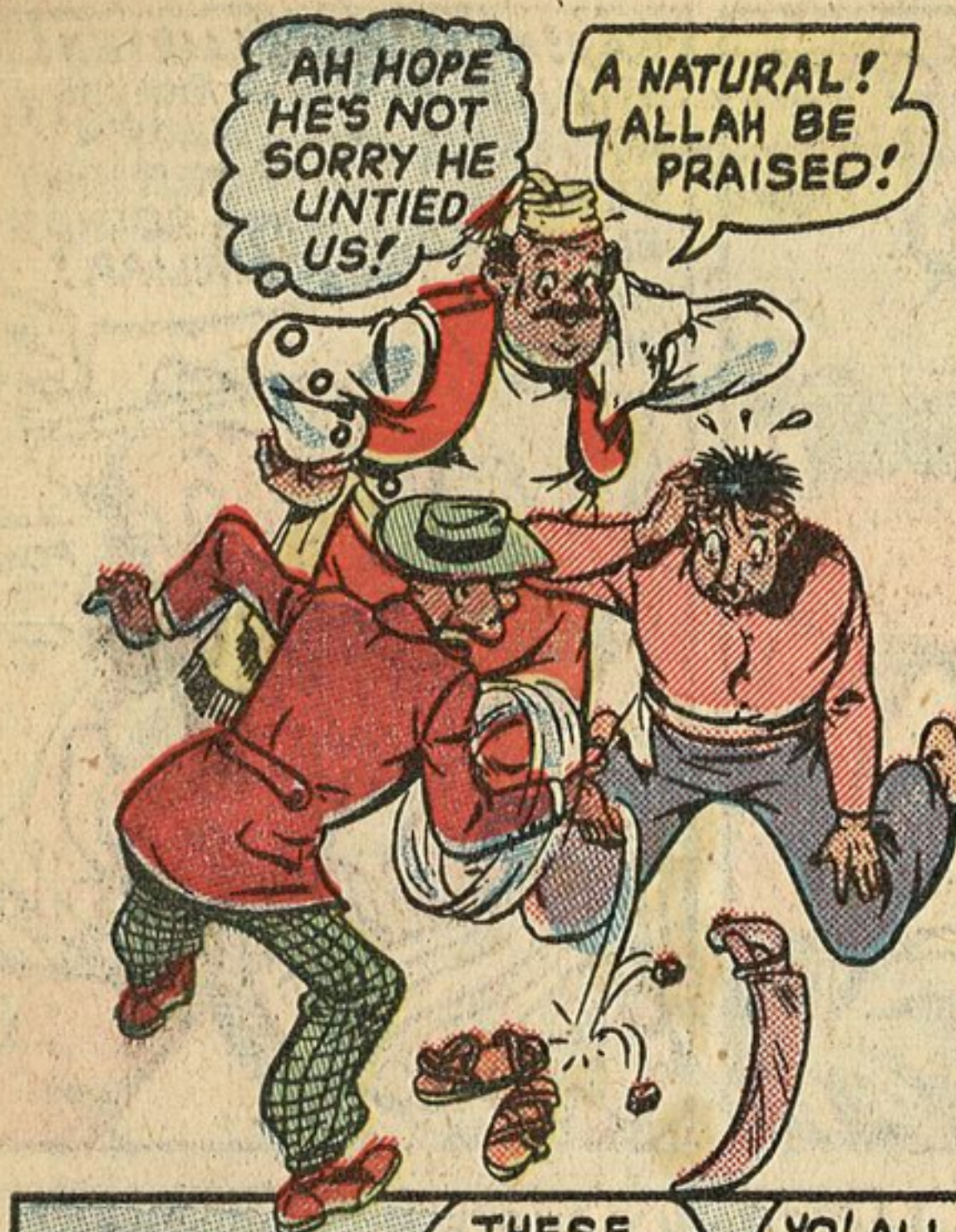
AH NEVER GIVES UP, MISTAH RUSTY...



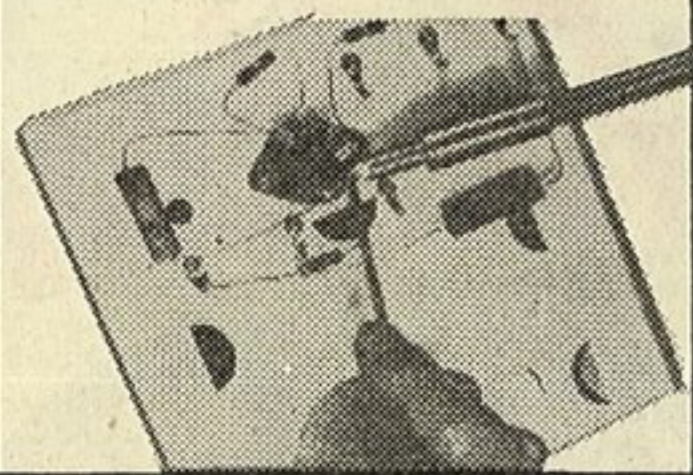
...WHILE AH HAS MAH TRUSTY DICE!

THEY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR GETTING US INTO THIS! YOU MAY AS WELL SEE IF THEY CAN GET US OUT!

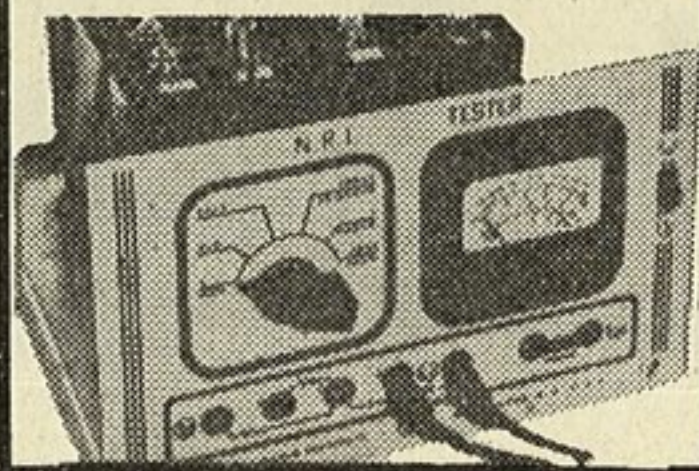
FEATURE COMICS



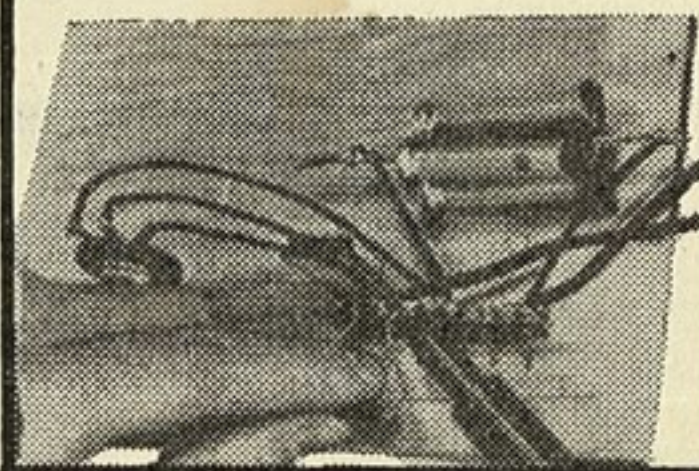
YOU PRACTICE Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



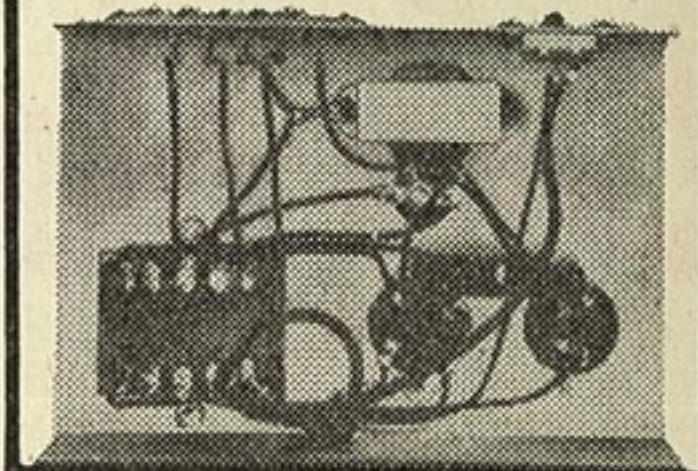
YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



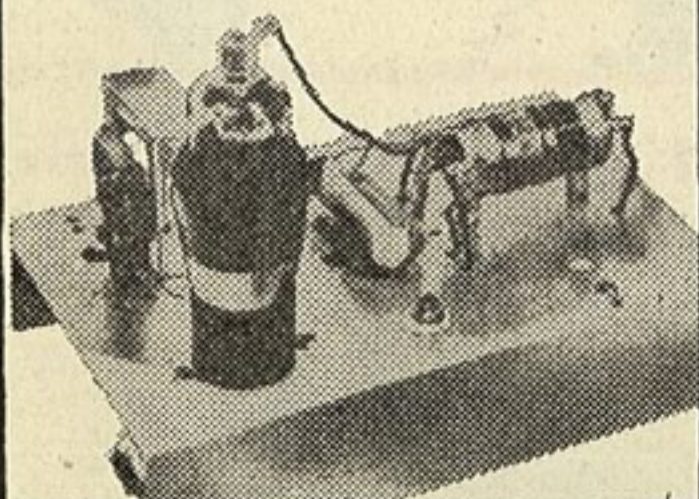
YOU BUILD special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



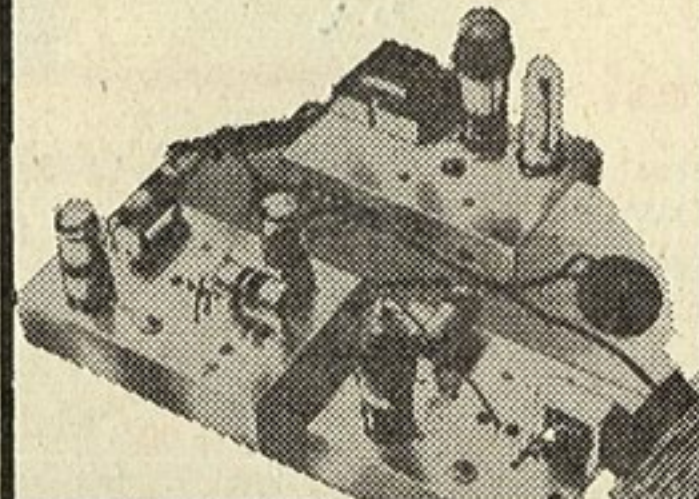
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.

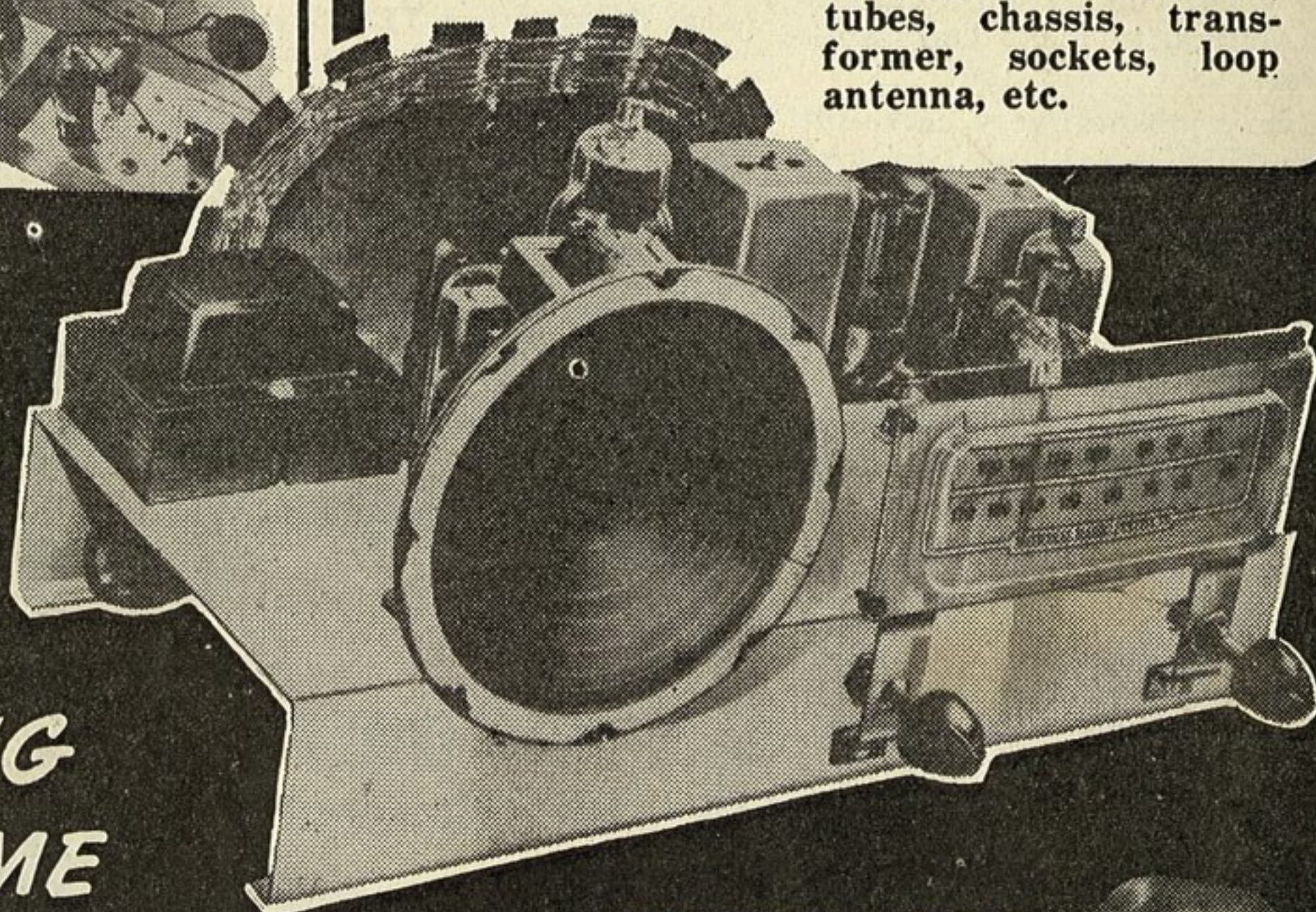


YOU BUILD this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



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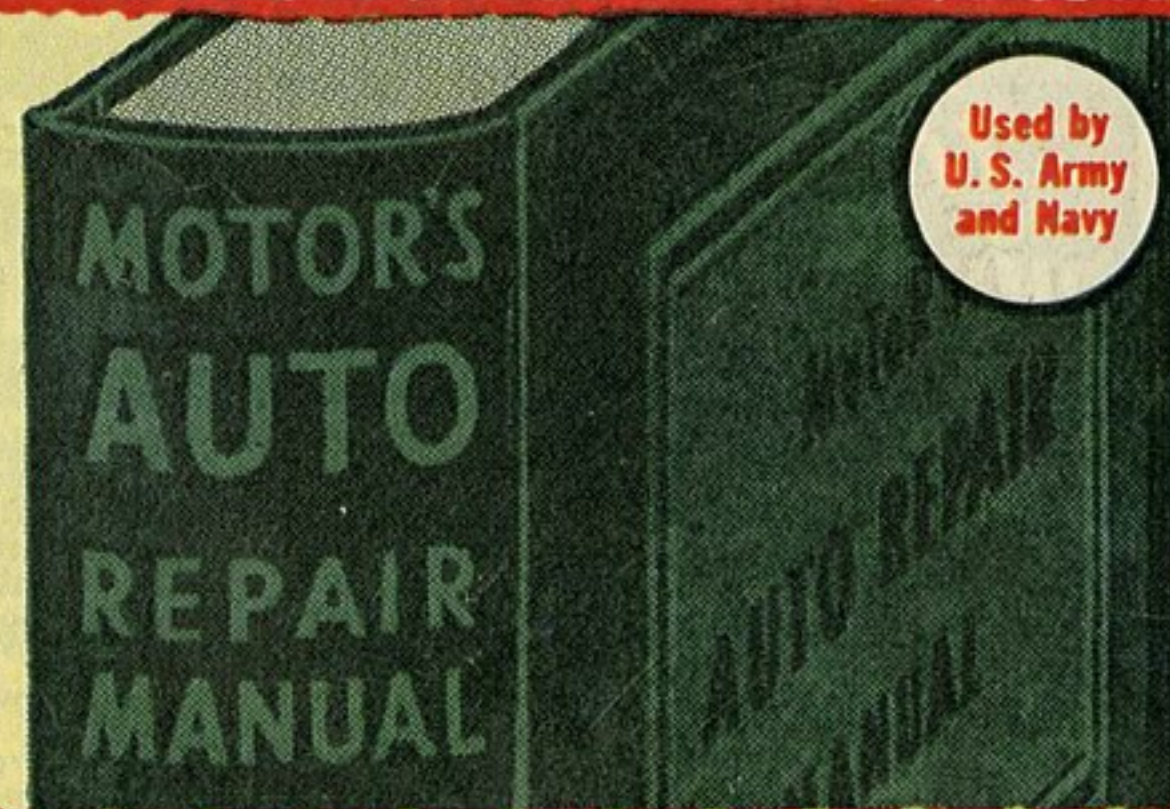


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